

WILLIAM BOOTH, Founder

GEORGE L. CARPENTER, General

The War Cry



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, ALASKA, NEWFOUNDLAND & BERMUDA

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Benjamin Orames, Commissioner

1942

A black and white photograph of a steam locomotive pulling a train. The locomotive is in the foreground, emitting a large plume of white steam that fills the upper half of the frame. The train is moving away from the viewer into a hazy, distant landscape. The year "1942" is superimposed in large white numerals over the steam.

STEAM'S UP for a long trip. May our readers enjoy a God-controlled, progressive and victorious journey through the New Year

Sermons without Texts

BY HENRY F. MILANS

"We're Not Here To Dream"

IT is one of the mercies of God that we cannot see what lies before us. There is always a disposition to look ahead and map out a course based upon a desire, weak though it often is, to avoid some of the failures of the past. Most of us, at one time or another, feel that we should like to atone for our remissness. This feeling has a way of breaking out like a rash at the beginning of a new year.

Maybe it would be better to forget it and make a fresh start by facing the future with a deeper consecration to the known will of God as it is always clearly revealed to us. God never leaves us in doubt about that.

The tasks before us will command all of our spiritual faculties and strength of purpose. We can't afford to be handicapped by any backward pull.

AS I look back over the trail I see so many things I wish with all my heart I had not done; many more I should have done, and didn't; and, of course, things I should like to do, but cannot—it's too late now. It all makes such a jumble of neglect, broken promises, indifference, mistakes, sin and failure that I become disheartened and a bit doubtful if indeed it all can be forgiven. A sense of discouragement is then likely to drape itself over me and impair my usefulness.

Life will be like that much of the time unless we raise the eyes of our souls and see shining over each of us a light of compassion, mercy and love—just like the look Jesus gave dear old human, blundering Peter when the cock crowed the third time. Sometimes I do just what Peter did—weep over the poor job I've made of things; the weeping helps and seems to make me love Him all the more.

WE cannot trifle with the purposes of God concerning us and escape the consequences! Always He reminds us: "If ye love Me, feed My sheep." This must be our determination for the year before us. We can't fail Him and expect to side step His displeasure. God never does things part way. He is lavish in His blessings and unsparing in His punishments.

It is one thing to expect mercy for unintentional mistakes. But, too often we deliberately bolt and have

our own fling, with the expectation, in advance, that God will have mercy and forgive us after our attack of high blood pressure has subsided.

Better watch out about this. God is not ever mocked that way. And he does not like it. We may have difficulty in getting His attention one of those times when we need Him in the worst way.

WE will be making our way through an unknown maze of circumstances during the months ahead; but we know our Guide, and if we follow Him we shall not wander.

We know that He will never fail us if we trust Him. Herein is our assurance for the future. Ofttimes we cannot see where the path ahead leads, it's best that we can't—that we may the more willingly trust in our Guide. There is always within us an urge to drop behind Him or to step aside for a while to pluck at some luscious forbidden fruit, or to neglect the purposes of our Guide for the seductive ease of spiritual indifference. It's hard work to find His sheep in their wanderings and feed them.

But this is the work — and the way to our own happiness—that lies ever before us, for we must live close to God to be fit to win souls for Him.

THE Lord has been good to us. Why is it so easy for us to forget His mercies, once He has relieved us, until we come face to face with some other danger or emergency? Then we expect Him to hear our cries.

But I have a strong notion that

God gets weary, just as we do, after such vacillation and ingratitude. Maybe He will not answer again until we have learned that love must be reciprocal; if we expect to receive from Him we must give to Him; if we hope to be fed by Him we must work for Him. We must find and save His sheep, else wherein have we any right to expect reward?

I cannot imagine that there will be a home for me in Heaven if I do not do anything to merit it.

Just loafing around and singing praises while souls die in sin as we

For YOU!

A Victorious 1942

For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world; and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?
1 John 5:4, 5.

look on with eyes that do not see, isn't going to get us anything here or hereafter.

"We are not here to play,
To dream, to drift;
We have hard work to do
And loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle,
Face it! 'Tis God's gift.
Be strong!"

May this New Year be the most blessed of your spiritual life and mine, because we have bravely and lovingly followed our King withersoever He directs.

THE NEW YEAR'S TRYST

Seek the Company of the
Heavenly Guest

WHEN the bells ring-in the New Year will you be with the noisy throng seeking happiness in dance hall or crowded street, or will your heart seek the company of the Heavenly Guest?

In His Presence there comes to the heart a quiet peace, His power to make your life in the New Year what it should be, joy which thrills and an increasing unselfishness and corresponding thoughtfulness for others.

Is this not much more to be desired than horn-toting or whirling about on polished floors or drinking until one is foolish? And is it not infinitely better than just doing nothing in particular about our spiritual standing? So many "good" folks could, by faith and earnestness, find deeper spiritual life.

Keep your tryst with the Giver of newness of life.

SOMETHING or NOTHING

"HE that confesses that he is but an earthen vessel shall be filled with the heavenly treasure," said the renowned Andrew Murray.

A Portion a Day

Sunday:

The Lord God will help me; therefore shall I not be confounded.—Isa. 50:7.

Is not this a desirable note of strong faith on which to begin 1942?

On Thy faithfulness relying,
We may boldly meet the foe,
All his boasted power defying
While we come defended so;
God will save us,
This our enemies shall know.

Monday:

For He said, Surely they are My people, children that will not lie: so He was their Saviour. In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them; in His love and in His pity He redeemed them.—Isa. 63:8, 9.

Mercy and grace too vast for comprehension may be the portion of the human race if made worthy through faith in the Son of God. Always, before benefits are enjoyed, conditions must be fulfilled by man, the free-will agent.

Sinners, turn, there is Salvation for thee,

Jesus waits to bless and to free,
His mercy now we all may prove,
And taste the fruits of dying love.

Tuesday:

Remember Me, and shew yourselves men; for I am God, and there is none else. I am God, and there is none like Me.—Isa. 46:8, 9.

Again, clear and unmistakable, comes God's insistent call to man to forsake his idols and to conquer in the strength of the Almighty.

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power.

Wednesday:

Be content with such things as ye have; for He hath said, I will never leave Thee, nor forsake thee.—Heb. 13:5.

Having Him we have all.
If I've Jesus, Jesus only,
I possess a treasure rare,
He's the Lily of the Valley
And the Rose of Sharon fair.

Thursday:

Declaring the end from the beginning,

and from ancient times the things that are yet to be done, saying, My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure.
Isa. 46:10.

No need for disquietude of mind; God's purposes will be effected though all hell is exerting its full power to divert His beneficent plan.

God's word, for all their craft and force,

One moment will not linger;
But, spite of Hell, shall have its course;

'Tis written by His finger.

Martin Luther.

Friday:

But the wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt.—Isa. 47:20.

There could be no more exact simile of the ceaseless, useless activity of the wicked resulting in filthy communication, obnoxious habits, coarseness of expression, and extreme depravity.

Bowed down beneath a load of sin,

By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

Saturday:

I even I, am He that comforteth you.
Isa. 51:12.

How hopeless and terrified we would be unless peace in Salvation and the beauty of Holiness could be had for the seeking.

Shine, Lord, and my terrors shall cease,
The Blood of Atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The Rock that is higher than I.

LEST WE FORGET

WHEN Darius, of Persia, heard of the burning of Sardis by the Athenians he determined on revenge. He commanded an attendant to repeat to him three times a day, as he sat down to meals, "Sire, remember the Athenians."

For a very different reason Christians should provide some means of bringing to mind the Lord's suffering and their own wonderful release from sin and punishment.

Army Soldiers are enjoined to remember the significance of the Lord's Supper at each meal when they "break bread."

Devotional Hour Meditations

SIN'S LENGTHENED SHADOW

A Thrilling Story of the Channel Islands
and of Canada

CHAPTER ONE THE TRAGEDY

By
Captain Arnold Brown

A SALTY breeze, lifting east-erly up the English Chan-nel, drifted across Guern-sey's Braye du Val and up the main street of the cliff-side port, setting the foliage ashiver, and the gilded Fleur-de-lis sign outside the village public-house aswinging.

Beyond the village, and in front of a poor cottage whose thatch strayed like unkempt hair over a coarse face, stood Jacques Torteval, soldier of misfortune, unoccupied as usual, and with a very thirsty throat. He was staring discontentedly about him, mouthing oaths at the tardiness of a wife who had not yet answered his fifth bellowed summons.

"Pest!" he exclaimed belligerently, "it is not enough to scorch my beard, yet that fool Beth keeps me standing here like yon scarecrow."

At that moment, Jacques' English wife appeared around the corner of the cottage, a six-year-

THE BIBLE asserts that the iniquities of the fathers are visited upon the children, and Charles Torteval, as described in the factual human document, "Sin's Lengthened Shadow," proved the Scriptural statement to be true. Purpose-ly, the names of persons and places have been substituted.

old lad gaily dog-trotting at her side.

"Beth, you scatterbrain, take that enfant back to his play. I'll not have my afternoon jug spoiled by a prating kid. How can a man talk politics with his friends when this annoying child of yours is wriggling like a live eel across the inn floor, whimpering for this and screeching for that; first for Monsieur Soucher's fishing boat; and then for the moon; and then for heaven knows what else? Take him back, I tell you!" Jacques' voice rose in a crescendo of rage and he scowled blackly at both objects of his wrath.

Twenty-three years as a military sergeant had developed Jacques' roar of command to iron thunder. But Beth was obviously and irritatingly unimpressed. She drew nearer with the child.

"Jacques," she flared, "you grow noisier and stupider every passing day. For years my ears have echoed to your ranting and palaver. And I tell you, Jacques, I'm sick of it—right sick of it!"

"Why, you..."

"Oh, I know, I know," she flung at him contemptuously, then digressed, speaking a sudden thought.



"Who's earned the money we've had?" That's what you'll ask me next. It'd be more to the point—much more to the point—to ask 'Who's spent it?'"

She moved to the narrow road-way, the lad by her side, and left the fence gate open for Jacques to follow. Rebuffed, sullen, he trailed the pair, kicking his heels deep into the dust as he walked. The summer, falling with Midas-like intention athwart the chimney pots and slate roofs of the port, was turning the common scene into one of golden rarity. Its glinting beauty, however, left Jacques uninspired. All that mattered to him was that under one of those coruscating roofs was alleviation for the thirst that sandpapered the linings of his throat to the limit of endurance.

As though divining his thirsty thoughts, Beth turned and exploded, "And how, I ask you, my dear M'sieur, did you intend to get your refreshment to-day?"

"Curse the woman," thought Jacques vengefully.

"How, I wonder?" Beth enquired

stingingly. "If I left things to you we'd never have even a crust on our board. Even now they're none too plentiful."

Jacques listened. Beth was right: no money, no beer. And he certainly had none. Perhaps she had money of which he knew nothing. Or why would she head so deliberately for the Fleur-de-lis?

"Ah, you nincompoop," she shrilled, "if I did not have the occasional idea we would starve, starve miserably, wretchedly. For what reason do you think I drag this bébé along? For my pride's sake? To sit on my knee while I drink, and amuse me with his prattle? No, no, you oaf! Little Charles Torteval is from to-day his mother's bread-winner—his mother's wine-winner, and, I suppose, if his père cannot earn money for himself, his father's bread-and-wine winner, also."

"Do you understand, you goat? While M. Franchot dickers with the pecheur for his latest catch of mackerel, little Charles will hold the horses' reins. While M. Autelot enjoys his red wine, little Charles will stand by the post chaise, the

guide rein in his little grasp. He may be young, but youth has value. No one will be able to resist his baby plea, 'Please, sir, may I guard your horses?'" And Beth laughed a long, metallic laugh.

"And the pennies? Why, they'll be mine, just as the idea was mine. If business is good—very good—to-day, I might even stand you a treat, Jacques," Beth added in whip-lash tones.

"You can keep your dirty money," Jacques fumed. "It's a foul demon that shuttled such a suggestion through your brain." But he restrained other sentences that were leaping to his lips, for Beth might easily become vindictive, and he was not at all delighted with the prospect of Beth imbibing to her stomach's content, without giving him a penny.

Well Instructed

Outside the Fleur-de-lis, Beth gave the lad every necessary instruction, then disappeared into the bar-room.

Little Charles had hardly been alone on the pavement for a moment, when M. Guerin drove up with his prize roan, and in answer to the lad's "Watch your horse, sir?" flung the reins at him, and strode into the hotel for a pint. A minute or two later Guerin drove off, after depositing a small piece of silver in the boy's hand. The lad's next employer was Old Pierre, the teamster. Pierre was greatly amused at the sight of so small a child offering to mind the great drays, and he chuckled heartily. But he lifted the boy up to the driver's seat, and instructed him to keep a steady hand on the lines. For this, two bright pennies were passed over to the lad. So it went on through the afternoon.

At intervals, Beth peered around the hotel door. If no one was noticing, she approached the lad and graspingly took the money. Back (Continued on page 10)

How Will You Write?

A NEW YEAR comes to us again,
Unsullied, clean, and clear,
And on its pages we will write
A record bright, or drear.

God grant all-pow'ring grace to live
Each daily page to fill
With loving deeds, with kindly thoughts
And, to all men, goodwill.

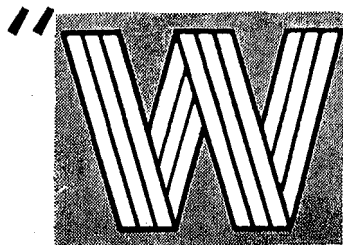
Throughout the year, as it unfolds,
May all Thy people be,

Whole-hearted, reverent;
with zeal
United unto Thee.

If we have faltered in the past,
We would arise again,
Returning to our Father God,
With Him e'er to remain.

When to this year we say fare-
well,
In retrospect we view
Our trust; oh, may we be
assured
All times we have proved
true.

D. C. Tiffin, Major.



Take this as your New Year's motto:

With God's help we shall not fail"

—HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

To the

CIWESHE RESERVE AND BACK

AS TOLD BY ADJUTANT ISABEL SLOMAN

A Canadian Missionary Officer in Africa



WHITE-CLAD MARCHERS: Emblematic of the great change God has wrought in the lives of black-skinned people, are the uniforms of African Salvationists at Bobo Grande. Rugged hills, typical of that part of the country, form a picturesque background.

A Canadian Officer-nurse on the staff at the Howard Native Training Institute, Southern Rhodesia, Adjutant Isabel Sroman has written for *The War Cry* the following account of a trip, in company with Major and Mrs. Williams, through the Ciweshe Reserve.

WE left "Howard" early in the morning in a lorry so full that I wondered where we were going to put the houseboy.

Within twelve miles of our destination we called at Shopo, one of the Corps, to see the Officers whom we were going to move that day. We found them with plenty of visitors. Officers from nearby Corps and others were giving the Lieutenant, his wife and family a send-off.

Arrangements were made to come back and we went on to Cinahasha. The last twelve miles were over a new road, and when I say new road I do not mean that it was paved, far from it. It just means the trees and underbrush had been cut down, a space wide enough for a car to go through having been made with a ditch on either side for drainings. If you have ever driven over a field which had been ploughed two or three years before, and the grass allowed to grow, you will have some idea of what the road was like. Then we had to cross a river, the only advantage being that when the new road was built rocks were placed in the bed of the river so that in crossing you were at least sure of a firm river bed with no danger of getting stuck in the sand, although one had to beware of being wedged between the rocks.

With the People

Nearing Cinahasha Corps we met most of the folk at a threshing, and the car was soon surrounded with those who wanted to greet us. Then the headman, who is also the Corps Sergeant-Major, got on the side of the car, directing the way to the Hall. As we drove he called to the children to come along. We wondered why, but on arrival were not long in finding out. They had not expected us, the last teacher having gone hurriedly to the hospital, and everything was in the same condition as he had left it. The Divisional Commander's hut, instead of being made ready, was filled with mealie cobs (corn), monkey nuts (peanuts), calabashes and the remains of an old fire. The children were soon put to work cleaning all this out. Some were sent to find wood for a fire while others went for water. When we went to the well later in the day, we wondered what we had been drinking, the water looked so muddy. While we were getting the hut in a better condition an audience of women and children around the door watched how it was done. Soon we had a line-up of those who wanted muti (medicine).

The Major who had returned to Shopo arrived back with the Officer's wife, children and belongings. There were a couple of sacks of

sweet potatoes, sacks of monkey nuts, several of mealies, a wire cage of chickens, and a sack of locusts (to the natives a very delicious dish when fried in fat).

We were very tired from travelling, and the Officer had just arrived at dark so we thought we would let him get settled, and not have a meeting that night. A Knee-drill was announced for 7.00 a.m. But as we sat around the campfire the people began to assemble until before long there were two fires going, one for the men and one for the women, so we had a sing-song.

Sunday morning the bell awakened us for Knee-drill. At the

meeting it was announced that the bell would be rung at 11.00 a.m. for an open-air meeting. It was rung then and again at noon; finally we started to march to the open-air meeting at one o'clock. All the way there and back we marched to the same tune with one girl singing an A flat all the time! We went to one of the kraals for the open-air meeting and the ring was formed next to a fire on which boiled a big pot of native beer. At a nearby kraal the men were threshing and singing at the same time, trying to outdo the singing at the meeting.

AFTER the second indoor meeting, about fifteen minutes after the first one closed, a crowd gathered. Mrs. Williams dispersed medicine while the Major and I pulled the teeth, as you will see by the picture.

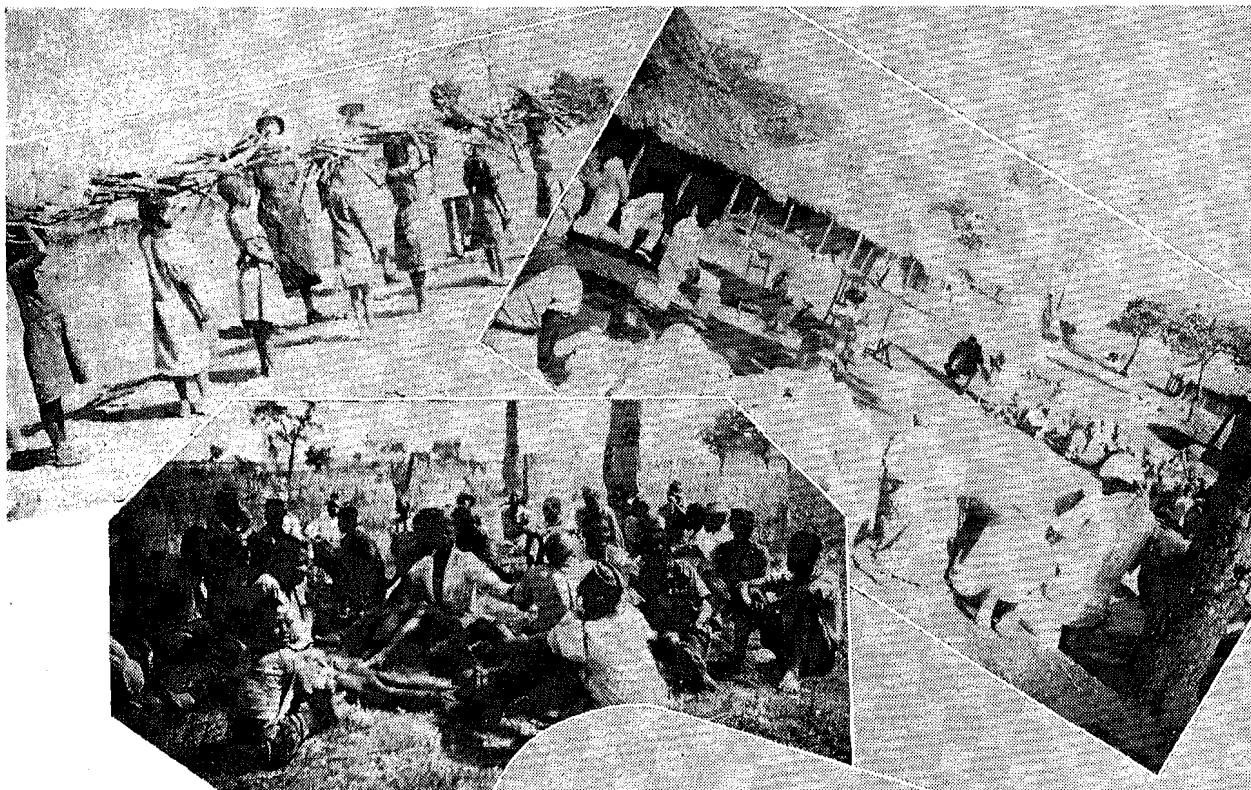
On Monday morning, before we were up, the natives had begun to arrive for teeth extractions and muti, and we were soon very busy.

Then shortly after nine a.m. the Major and I left with the Officer for a kraal about three miles away to meet the headman, to discuss a new Corps and school. Although this had been announced, when we arrived at 9.30 there was no one there and they had to be called. These people have no idea of time; they have very little to do and all day to do it. As they arrived the men sat on the ground around the Major and I while the women sat at a distance. For the meeting the Major and the men sat under another tree, while I stayed with the women.

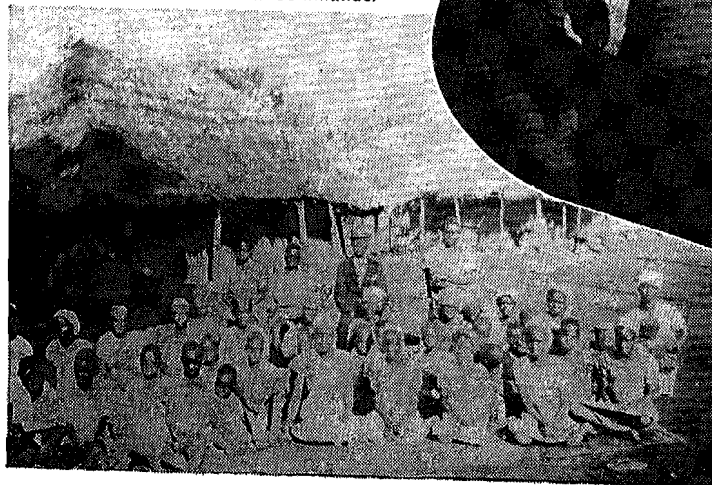
As soon as the men moved away I was surrounded by the women who were all interested in my knitting. I think I could have had a class had I brought material with me.

There was quite a discussion over naming the school to be erected. Major said he would leave it to the men to decide, and if they

(Continued on page 12)



(Upper Right) As the diminutive wood-carriers approached the camp through long grass, all that could be seen moving along were the bundles of sticks! Adjutant Sroman is the Officer in white uniform. (Upper Right) Cadets' open-air meeting during a campaign held in a kraal. (Centre) Headmen and other natives assembled to discuss the opening of a district school with Major Williams, the Divisional Commander.



(Upper) Major Williams watches Adjutant Sroman's effective tooth-pulling technique while prospective patients wait their turn. (Left) Joseph, with his eight wives and some of his sixty children.



RED SHIELD NEWS and VIEWS

Advances In Alaska

Catering to the Needs of United States Servicemen in Remote Juneau

ADJUTANT Stanley Jackson doesn't wait for things to be done (writes Evan Weekly in a recent issue of Alaska Life). He does them himself. He goes about his work in a quiet and efficient manner. When he gets an idea, as he did a few months ago, he never gives up until he finishes his job—and in this case he opened the doors of the "Red Shield Reading Room."

For years there has been a need for a place in Juneau where men and boys could spend their free time in a wholesome atmosphere. Where there were books, magazines, writing paper, and a few of the comforts of home.

The Adjutant in charge of The Salvation Army in Juneau, knew what the situation was. He knew that when sailors and soldiers came to town there was no place they could go that didn't cost money. CCC boys from nearby camps, like the young men in the service, didn't enjoy spending all their time in waterfront joints.

So he prospected South Franklin Street. He found a vacant store that was well lighted and well heated. Moreover, it was centrally located—where it would do the most good and be most appreciated. Then he took his problem to the Elks Lodge and to the Juneau Chamber of Commerce. Both endorsed his idea, and the chamber voted ten dollars per month toward the operating expense of light, telephone, and other facilities.

The Adjutant, with this as a starter, waited on the City Council. He told of the need for a central reading room with facilities for men. The result was that the City Council has underwritten the rent for the social experiment.

Every man who served in the last world war remembers the unselfish spirit of The Salvation Army. Though many organizations received the lash of public censure for their actions, The Army earned the respect and admiration of all branches of service.

Willing Helpers

The Elks Club, the Chamber, the City Council and others agreed with Adjutant Jackson that social facilities were an urgent necessity in Juneau as the present emergency becomes more acute. He next enlisted the help of carpenters and decorators to fix up the Red Shield Reading Room. These men were glad to donate their services.

Then the public was asked for books and magazines to make the reading room profitable to the men. More than six hundred worthwhile books have been given to the room.

A CHAPLAIN'S THANKS

AS an expression of appreciation for knitted articles received from the Red Shield at Trenton, Ont., a chaplain of the R.C.A.F. sent a letter to the Corps Officer, Captain F. Hewitt, from which is reprinted the following excerpt:

"I can assure you that the articles for the boys of the R.C.A.F. now stationed at Trenton came at a most opportune time. Among the articles I found a note from one of the knitters of a scarf. I took it upon myself to write to her and express thanks. My long experience and association with The Salvation Army has taught me that they do not look for thanks, but this was just one way in which I could show my gratitude."

And stacks of good magazines have come in.

Juneau citizens helped out with pieces of furniture, floor lamps, a radio, ping-pong table, chess, checkers and other games.

The Red Shield Reading Room was then opened and was a success from the beginning. One week-end when there were several destroyers in Juneau, 110 men in uniform visited the Reading Room and made themselves at home.

"This winter when it rains and gets cold our Reading Room will be most appreciated. Already our efforts have been so well repaid that I wish it were possible to get other Alaskan towns to do the same as we have," the Adjutant said earnestly.

Other Southeastern towns have made inquiry of the Adjutant as to costs of operation of a reading room and an honest appraisal of just how much of a public service the endeavor performs.

"I am happy to tell you," the Adjutant said to us, "that our Reading Room already is a success. I know that the men in service, the boys on the steamers and the fishing fleets, as well as the young people of our town will thank you in many ways for making a homelike recreation place available to them."

OFF TO THE PACIFIC COAST



Anticipating the need, two fully-equipped Mobile Canteens, similar to those sent overseas, have been dispatched by fast freight to the Pacific Coast to aid in Red Shield work among the troops. The Canteen is equipped with blackout headlamps, first-aid equipment, and other emergency features.

FAMOUS JOURNALIST'S TRIBUTE

"It Is a Work That Must Go On!" Declares Quentin Reynolds

IN the course of a stirring appeal on behalf of Salvation Army War Welfare Work, Quentin Reynolds, the famous American journalist, stated:

"An airplane dived out of the clouds the other day, over the South of England. A stream of lead flashed from its cannon and machine guns. There was one casualty. It was an arm-chair in The Salvation Army Club. The shells went right through the roof, hit the arm-chair, and

scattered the stuffing around the room, but at the counter The Salvation Army lassies continued to pass over the cups of tea without spilling a drop.

"That club, situated in a camp which is at the front of the front

She Hurried Along

*SHE hurried along in the black-out,
With a mug of steaming tea,
And a gentle word of comfort
To the homeless two or three
Who crouched in sad dejection
In a shelter for protection.
The voice was the voice of Christ,
And the hands were the hands of Christ,
Though the face was the face of an Army lass,
She looked like Christ to me!*
E. Laurie Stone.

» AT HOME AND OVERSEAS «



The War Service Secretary, Lieut.-Colonel W. Dray, is seen with Mrs. Dray, and wives of some of the Auxiliary Officers overseas. Mrs. Brigadier T. Mundy, wife of the Director of Overseas War Service Work, is on the Colonel's right.



Major H. Wellman, on Auxiliary Service overseas, is seen outside a Red Shield Canteen with the staff and voluntary helpers. Canadian soldiers patronize this Centre, "Somewhere in England," in large numbers.

line, is one of 500 centres scattered from Iceland to Singapore, across Australia and New Zealand and throughout Canada, where The Salvation Army men and women are caring for the three services.

"I remember going down a road in France more than a year ago. It was packed with refugees—a pitiful, unending procession of men, women and children, dirty, tired, hungry, thirsty. I saw Salvationists then at the door of one of their Servicemen's Clubs, giving away food, but doing much more than that—they were giving a word of comfort, a smile, and by their very calmness forming an island in a sea of troubled, bewildered people.

"I watched them again, a few weeks ago, as I followed His Majesty the King through the shattered streets of a South Coast town. As the Mayor, who accompanied, looked at the Salvationists, he said: "Those wonderful women!" He told me that during the long hours, while the great fires were raging, these Salvation lassies had been going from door to door, rousing the people, seeking them in their shelters, and getting them away safely; gathering children for evacuation. Blasts from bombs had blown them down, fires had scorched their uniforms, but they had worked on for more than forty-eight hours without rest, and they were still at it.

"The Army is working in the front line to-day, both among servicemen and civilians. It is work that Great Britain needs. It is work that must go on!"



FOR SHUT-INS

BY ALICE M. LYDALL

INTO THE UNKNOWN

A HAPPY New Year to everybody! And here is someone's summary for a happy one,—

To leave the old with a burst of song,
To recall the right and forgive the wrong,
To forget the thing that binds you fast
To the vain regrets of the year that's past,
To have the strength to let go your hold
Of the not worthwhile of the days grown old;
To dare go forth with a purpose true,
To the unknown task of a year that's new;
To add your gift to the world's good cheer
Is to have and give a happy New Year.

Not one of us know what this new-born child of Father Time is going to bring to us of joy or sorrow. It will, we know, bring great sorrow to some. But sorrow is only for a season, unbearable though it may seem at the time. It will undoubtedly bring great joys, too. There will be visits from long absent dear ones; there will be newly-begun lives and each will be the most wonderful babe in the world. There will be happy young brides and new homes made. There will be silver rain, and golden sun, and yellow primroses, and dark blue violets, roses of crimson and lilies of white. Stately trees will cover themselves with tender green and later the maples will be aflame with color, and not hundreds but millions of other lovely things will appear on the earth. All these will come and we shall see the rainbow in the sky and the dawn and the sunset.

Strength and Beauty

There will remain, too, the clash between good and evil, but the bracing of our spirits to resist the ill will give to our characters strength and beauty, and this beauty will outlive our physical life — it will be an eternal endowment. So we may be encouraged to lift up

our hearts and hope for a happy and glorious year.

If great testings come to us, then we shall also prove that a great Helper is near, that His promises will not fail, His presence will never desert a trusting soul. And one other thing it also sure—each day will bring us nearer our Father's home.

Alpha and Omega

Some of our ships will sail into the eternal harbor of peace, with storms and dangers over for evermore. It cannot help but be a good year, for God stands at the beginning and He will remain at the end. We cannot get beyond His providential care. So, again, I wish you all a Happy New Year!

So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on—
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and
and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel
faces smile,
Which I have loved long since,
and lost awhile.

Highlights and Shadows

By CAPTAIN HUGH MACLEAN

THE DEVIL'S CASUALTY LIST

"PAUL, a prisoner of the Lord..."

This could have been taken from a casualty list issued by Satan in the early days of the Christian warfare. Paul himself realized that and used the term in his epistle to the Ephesians. He may have referred to his Roman imprisonment but the man who declared we wrestle not against principalities and powers saw a greater captivity than his Roman guard could give him and rejoiced thereat. He was also "a prisoner of the Lord."

There is a significant grading in the casualty lists to-day, if you

notice them. At the bottom of the list are those "injured by accident." The Devil's list would likely be the same. A chance word, a song on the street-corner, a familiar hymn played by a band—memories have been stirred by accident, but only stirred. Nothing to cause concern. Still, complications may set in and so we find above them the

Curative Measures

"Seriously injured." So now they've been stopped in their career and are thinking seriously. The Satanic forces begin to watch and curative measures are undertaken. "Dangerously injured." This is cause for concern. Conviction has fallen upon the warrior for evil and he is on the point of decision. Nothing is too great or small to be tried to restore him. The salve of indifference is replaced by the stimulant of worldly pleasure to lure him back again.

"Missing—believed lost." Here is where the battle rages. In the dim



YOUR BIBLE AND SONG BOOK

Here are twelve quotations. Give the Biblical source (book, and if possible, chapter and verse) of those with odd numbers, and for the even-numbered quotations give the first line of the song from which the quotation is taken:

1. Be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart.
2. "His power my sufficiency prove."
3. Go work to-day in My vineyard.
4. "He crowns the year with goodness."
5. In everything give thanks.
6. "God our Maker doth provide."
7. Take unto you the whole armor of God.
8. "In vain does Satan then oppose."
9. I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.
10. "Through the darkness be Thou near me."
11. Purify your hearts, ye double-minded.
12. "Is there no deliverance for me?"

CAN YOU SAY THIS?

LET me look back across the span
Twixt dawn and dark, and
to my conscience say:
"Because of some good act to
beast or man—
The world is better that I
lived to-day."
Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

borderland of uncertainty the struggle goes on. Even at the Mercy-Seat the Devil fights for his own, but when once the decision is made the truth becomes clear.

"Previously reported missing—now reported captured." Too often for his liking Satan's casualty lists contain this item. He knows there is no hope of an exchange of prisoners. He sees the Host of Heaven increased and he trembles for the outcome of the battle.

"Killed in action." But that is where his lists differ from those of this world. For his losses, death is not the final portion. It is Eternal Life!

Answers to Questions at Top of Column

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Psalms 27:14. | 7. Ephesians 6:13. |
| 2. S.B. 497. | 8. S.B. 712 |
| 3. Matthew 21:28. | 9. Psalm 24:4. |
| 4. S.B. 909. | 10. S.B. 804. |
| 5. I Thess. 5:18. | 11. James 4:8. |
| 6. S.B. 900. | 12. S.B. 392. |

When I Read the Bible Through

I SUPPOSED I knew my Bible,
Reading piece-meal, hit or miss,
Now a bit of John or Matthew,
Now a snatch of Genesis;
Certain chapters of Isaiah,
Certain Psalms (the twenty-third!)
Twelfth of Romans, first of Proverbs—
Yes, I thought I knew God's Word!
But I found that thorough reading
Was a different thing to do,
And the way was unfamiliar,
When I read the Bible through.

Oh, the massive, mighty volume,
Oh, the treasures manifold;
Oh, the beauty and the wisdom
And the grace it proved to hold!
As the story of the Hebrews
Swept in majesty along,
As it leaped in waves prophetic,
As it burst to sacred song,
As it gleamed with Christly omens,
The Old Testament was new—
Strong with cumulative power,
When I read the Bible through.

Oh, Imperial Jeremiah
With his keen coruscant mind;
And the blunt old Nehemiah
And Ezekiel refined!
Newly came the minor prophets,
Each with his distinctive robe,

Newly came the song idyllic
And the tragedy of Job;
Deuteronomy, the regal,
To a towering mountain grew
With its comrade peaks around it,
When I read the Bible through.

What a radiant procession
As the pages rise and fall!
James, the sturdy, John, the tender,
Oh, the myriad-minded Paul!
Vast apocalyptic glories
Wheel and thunder, flash and flame,
While the Church Triumphant raises
One incomparable Name:
Ah, the glory of the Saviour
Never glows supremely true
Till you read it whole and swiftly,
Till you read the Bible through.

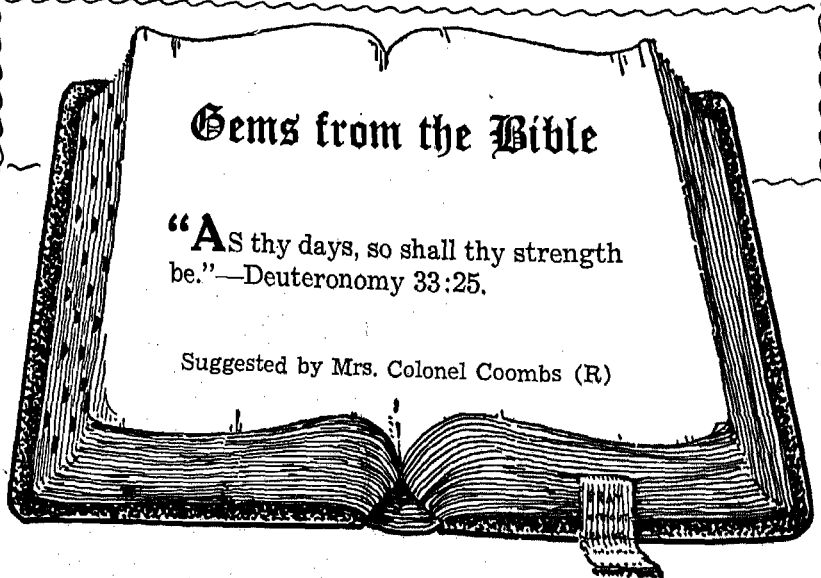
You who like to play at Bible,
Dip and dabble, here and there,
Just before you kneel away
And yawn through a hurried prayer;
You who treat the Crown of Writings
As you treat no other book,
Just a crude impatient look,
Try a worthier procedure,
Try a broad and steady view;
You will kneel in very rapture
When you read the Bible through.

Anon.

Gems from the Bible

"AS thy days, so shall thy strength be."—Deuteronomy 33:25.

Suggested by Mrs. Colonel Coombs (R)



I·R·A·Q

Rich in Vital Oil Fields and Fascinating Bible History

By H. SHEPSTONE, F.R.G.S.

THE oil-fields of Iraq, which have been so much to the fore, lie in the north of that country. This section of Iraq is, comparatively speaking, little known to ordinary travellers as it has lain somewhat off the beaten track. It is in many ways, however, a fascinating region, entirely different in the matter of scenery, climate, and the character of its people to that of Southern Iraq.

Mosul, the capital of this interesting region, has been, as it were, the wayward child of Iraq. After the first World War of 1914-1918, Turkey claimed the Villayet of Mosul, which has an area of some 35,000 square miles. After years of indecision, however, the Allied Powers decided that it should remain within the mandated territory of Iraq. The whole district is of immense importance strategically, the mountains to the north forming a very necessary impenetrable protective zone to Bagdad and the whole Kingdom of Iraq. By a special treaty, Turkey enjoys a share of the royalties on Mosul oil.

The oil-fields lie some sixty miles to the southeast of Mosul, close to Kirkuk, which is said to mark the site of Arrapha, the Arrarat of the Bible, the place where Noah's Ark rested. Among the sights of the town is a mosque to the Prophet Daniel, whose graceful minaret is a landmark for miles. The wells are in open, hilly country, some five miles from the city. Here is a modern little settlement of some fifty American and British engineers with their wives and families.

Among the World's Richest

The Iraq Petroleum Company, which controls the fields, is an international concern, comprising American, British and French interests, under the direction of a British chairman. It was in October, 1927, that a small party of American oil engineers visited this region and made an experimental boring. Oil was struck and the Iraq oil-fields to-day are among the richest of fields. At the end of 1939 there were thirty-two serviceable wells, each of which is capable of yielding from 1,300 to 2,000 tons of oil daily. From the fields the oil is pumped through pipe lines to Haifa in Palestine and to Tripoli in Syria.

The oil-field region is bituminous. It was here, tradition says, that the three friends of Daniel—Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego—were cast into the "fiery furnace." There is a field about an acre in extent, called Jehennum by the natives—the name being Arabic for Gehenna, which means the place of eternal fires. It bears this name because of the jets of fire which issue from the ground and which have been burning from time immemorial.

There are also numerous pot-holes or especial-

ly built ponds where bitumen oozes from the ground. One of these latter is equipped with a pump, enabling the thick, black, oily fluid to be readily raised to the surface from its subterranean bed. This is the pitch that Noah used to render the ark watertight, and it was the self-same material with which the mother of Moses covered the ark of bulrushes when she set her infant afloat on the Nile. The boatmen and builders of Iraq still resort to it, the former using it for pitching their craft and the latter for rendering buildings waterproof.

Mosul, astride the Tigris, is the nearest large city to the oil-fields, and is the third most important town in Iraq. It has been developed tremendously during the past few years. She has now been linked up with Bagdad and the outside world by railroad. Until a few months ago the railroad from Bagdad went on farther north than Banji, a distance of 140 miles, and one continued the remaining 130 miles to Mosul by automobile. The line has now been completed to Mosul, joining up with the railroad in Turkey which runs to Scutaria, opposite Istanbul, on the Bosphorus.

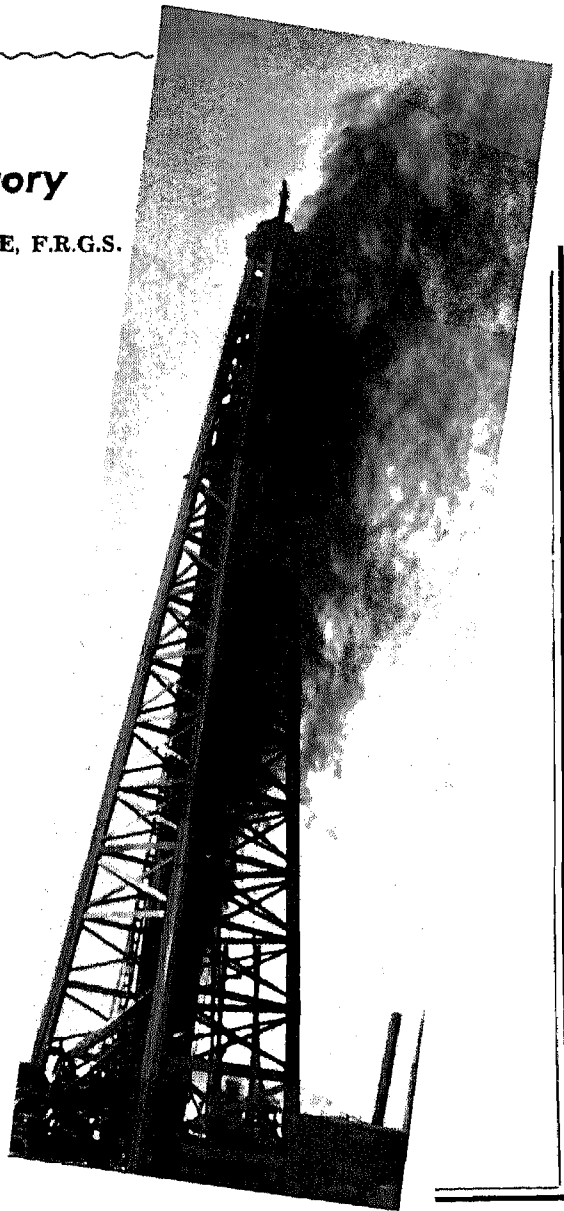
Original Home of Muslin

Though purely an Oriental city, Mosul is entirely different from Bagdad, with an interest and charm of her own. The houses are well built, of a local soft stone which in appearance is not unlike marble or alabaster. The streets are comparatively wide and well lighted. The town derives its name from the fact that it was the original home of muslin, and weaving of all kinds is still carried on. Instead of white-robed Arabs which dominate the cities of the south, Mosul has a veritable medley of races and strange religions—Sunni Moslems; nomadic Bedouins; Kurds with lean, fierce features, wearing pale blue, short coats and shirts with very long sleeves tied up in knots, and only let loose when worshipping at the mosque; and Christians, representing many strange sects.

No city, probably, has so many religious sects as Mosul, and here are to be found churches representing many curious beliefs, including the Nectorian and Chaldean, two of the most ancient of Christian sects; a skeleton of the ancient Assyrian Church, the greater majority of this sect having been moved bodily to Syria; the Christians of John the Baptist, a remnant of the Gnostics; also Marionites; Syrian Catholics; and, lastly, the Yezidis, or devil-worshippers.

These latter, who number about 60,000 throughout the whole Villayet, render homage to Satan, whom they speak of reverently as Malek Taus, or the Peacock King.

Twenty minutes' walk from Mosul, on the



east side of the river, lie the ruins of Nineveh, the once proud capital of the Assyrian Empire under Sennacherib. Like Babylon, Nineveh has been despoiled by brick thieves for centuries, and has supplied material for the building of Mosul. Now nothing remains above ground. The sites of the vast palaces of Sennacherib, Essahaddon, and Ashburlanipal have been traced. Here Layard found the Royal Library of Nineveh, 20,000 clay tablets, now in the British Museum. Most interesting of these, perhaps, are the Babylonian flood tablets, confirming the Deluge. A little distance from Nineveh stands the shrine of Neby Yunis, said to be the burial-place of the Prophet Jonah.

THE MOVING FINGER WRITES

Contrasted Calligraphy

A WRITER in an overseas periodical describes the handwriting of some famous authors, after examining original manuscripts in the Keswick Museum.

Wordsworth. Had a most fearful scrawl; perhaps the worst calligraphist the world has seen.

Southey. Extremely neat. His letters and poems seem almost better in manuscript than in print. He gave an exquisite air of beauty to a piece of notepaper.

Matthew Arnold. A part of his poem "Sohrab and Rustum" is given in a large, bold hand on blue paper. Very legible. Apparently he was not quite sure whether to call Rustum "Rastum" or "Rustum." Three times on the two pages exhibited he has written "Rastum," crossed out the "a" and substituted "u"—probably as an afterthought.

Ruskin. A fairly legible scrawl. Often joins two and sometimes three words together.

Hall Caine. A wren among writers. The tiniest hand I have ever seen, yet fairly distinct.

Hartley Coleridge. His writing reminds one of the scenery seen from an express train. Very blurred.

Words We Speak and How They Came

THE actual meaning of the word *write* is to scratch or cut slightly, as when we score letters on a piece of soft wood by scratching or cutting with the point of a penknife. It is a Teutonic word and the method of writing practised by Teuton forefathers was scratch their characters or letters on bark or wood or stone.

They were not the only people to do this, for the words *scribe* and *script* and *inscription* and other similar words from the Latin verb "*scribere*, to write," and words ending in *graphy*, such as *stenography*, *calligraphy*, *geography*, and *biography*, meaning a special kind of writing or a writing about some particular subject, from the Greek

"*graphein*," to write, have exactly the same meaning, namely a scratching.

The word "*size*," meaning magnitude or bulk, is a word with an interesting history behind it. The Latins had a word "*assidere*," to sit near, and when judges sat together to consider any matter they were said to be an "*assize*" the word being made up from "*assidere*." Assize thus came to mean a session of a court of justice.

Those who have studied English history know that assizes were held to fix the weight, measure, and price of articles of food; and soon assize came to be used as the word

(Continued foot of column 4)

"SET THE TEMSE ON FIRE"

THE expression "set the Thames on fire" is a very old one. Although most people think the River Thames in England is referred to in the expression, the temse is the channel in which a shuttle travels to and fro, and when one makes use of the expression that somebody "will never set the temse on fire," one means merely that the person referred to will never work fast enough to cause sufficient friction to create enough heat to burn the temse or groove in which the fly-shuttle moves. The temse or fly shuttle was invented by John Kay in 1733.

A plan for the salvaging of obsolete 1941 motor vehicle registration plates will again be carried out by the Ontario Division of the Canadian Red Cross Society early in February, 1942. From the proceeds of the sale of these plates, the funds of the Red Cross Society will benefit by a substantial sum, and motorists are asked to co-operate by delivering their old registration plates to any gasoline service station.

(Continued from column 3)
for an allowance of a settled portion. Then it was shortened to *size*, and thus we use it as meaning bulk.



An Inspiring Weekly Message from The Army's International Leader



General G. L. Carpenter

FROM MY DESK

By the General

Supplementary Dispatches



LISTENERS to the momentous news bulletins broadcast several times each day to most parts of the world have recently grown accustomed to the use of "supplementary dispatches."

These give color and life to the bald official news, sometimes telling the story of one man, or group of men, by means of which much light is thrown on to a puzzling situation. The humanity comes into the steel and oil.

The geographical details, armament, estimates and other details in the grim word-pictures take on a new significance when we recall that flesh and blood are hidden in the fog of war, and that, amid the clash of mighty machines, these men are the vital, invaluable factors.

THESE "supplementaries" or postscripts came to my mind as I handled a sheaf of letters, almost all on "official" paper, reporting on the work of The Army in various lands.

Here and there amongst the business came the "comment," in terms of items of news probably small in themselves and yet highly significant when read as an indication of new chances, new hope for men in dire distress, new paths for wandering feet.

Here are some of them:

Two patrols of Sunbeams inaugurated amongst the small girls at the Women's Industrial Home, Calcutta.

Calcutta Naval and Military Home crowded.

Women-Officers in Calcutta taking A.R.P. course in case of emergency.

Chinese War Cry circulation increasing.

Mat-making, stone-crushing and towel-weaving industries commenced in the Shanghai Beggar Camp.

Teaching of phonetics to children in the Shanghai Beggar Camp very successful. Rotarians were delighted with readings given them by these until recently illiterate beggar-boys from the streets.

Treatment of drug addicts becoming an important feature of Shanghai Beggar Camp work. One man was so changed his father did not know him. Homeless sampan families aided in Shanghai (following the destruction of their boats).

Apprentice jobs found for older lads in Peking Boys' Home.

One of the boys at Peking obtained 100 per cent marks in each of seven examinations.

1,450 bags of American cracked wheat received for winter relief work in Peking.

Speaking at the opening of the Madras Red Shield Club the Embarkation Officer said, "In papers from my home I saw references to the prompt way Salvationists rendered help to railway travellers stranded through a blitz."

Two Australians who, having no money, were wandering in an Indian city feeling that "nothing but a day of misery would be our lot," were picked up and befriended by Salvationists.

Visiting the Evangeline Booth Hospital, Lieut.-Colonel Edward Walker (Chief Secretary, Madras and Telugu Territory), found a patient accommodated in Dr. Round's office. It is many days since she gave it up, the pressure being so great. Builders are busy on new wards.

A Sinhalese doctor, reduced to dire straits by his folly, was regularly visited by an Army Officer while in a mental hospital. Relatives were contacted, much correspondence undertaken, and, on his discharge, his return, as a "changed man," to Colombo was arranged.

The first inmate of the Women's Home, Santiago, Chile, has become converted, is a Corps Cadet, and hopes to become a Woman's Social Officer. She is sixteen years of age.

Another girl in the Home was brought by her grandmother, who said, "Please take her. I cannot live long now. She will be safe with you." She is thirteen years of age, and will stay five years, and has been enrolled as a Junior Soldier.

The General Director of Prisons in Santiago has given permission for ten Salvationists to visit regularly all prisoners, to hold meetings, and distribute literature. (I recall the joy Mrs. Carpenter and I have had in conducting meetings in South American prisons.)

Soup distribution has begun in Santiago streets.

AS I have said, none of these activities are "front page news," although the stories behind some of them would be "splashed" if they were revealed—yet together they are eloquent of a multiplicity of activities for the blessing, healing, and redeeming of men.

Lest, however, we should become filled with pride, let me say that when every tale of useful service is told there remains a longer story of unfulfilled need.

The strain of redemptive work is too great for many who ought to be joining in. They are afraid of its demands. And so a thousand cries of need are unheard, ten thousand who might be saved never see the rescuing hand thrust out to them.

Where do you stand? Are you enjoying the reputation of belonging to "good people" without lending a hand to do some good yourself? Is there nothing you could do to supplement the words of mercy in your vicinity?

Our Overseas Correspondent writes on the

RIDDLE OF AUTHORITY



TO-DAY I watched Canadian soldiers drilling on the lawns of an ancient English mansion. Pale autumn light filtered through trees whose leaves are only now turning yellow and brown. Nothing but the staccato commands of a section officer and the sound of rifles moving in unison broke the stillness. Nothing—except once when from far-away drifted the drone of a Hurricane plane. Hour after hour the men drilled, responding smartly to the one authoritative voice.

Probably none more than the soldier realizes the need for an authoritative voice. Without it he might carry on as an individualist with bravery and enterprise. But to secure the strength that lies in united action, someone who knows, who gives the right command at the right time, who is absolutely trust-

the needs of all must take first place over their purely personal pleasure.

One imperative lesson is being beaten upon our brains by the drums of war. Man does not live to himself alone. If ever he did in times past, he can never do so again for science has bundled men too intimately together for that. The cringing cry of Cain comes down the corridors of time, to be taken up by selfish spirits in every age. "Am I my brother's keeper?" God has answered it once and for all in the sacrifice of His Son who might have

By "Salvationist In Khaki"

ed, must be in charge of the situation.

So it is in life.

If ever life required a voice of authority it is to-day. We have been accustomed to having things more or less our own way, and selfishness has become so habitual that more often than not we fail to look upon our attitudes as selfish. And yet many of them are.

In the Minority

The other day I heard of some musicians who, since the temporary cessation of bombing, prefer to play in London ballrooms where pay is higher, than to troops who need good diversion to help bear the solitude of long blackout nights. Fortunately such folk are in the minority over here.

This type of selfishness that shoves corporate responsibility in favor of personal interests is to be found elsewhere, too! We infer from our letters and homeland papers that attempts to secure voluntary restriction of gasoline consumption in Canada have yielded unsatisfactory results. Why?—simply because people do not think. They fail to recognize that there are times when

saved Himself but didn't, and even in the agony of the Cross gave gracious heed to a thief's call for help.

When the personal ego is exalted as the final authority in life it leads to inevitable chaos. No life can be wholesomely integrated about self, for then it becomes shot through and through by its own defects, its limitations, prejudices, blinkered outlooks, sins and compromises. As well try to lift yourself by your boot-strap as expect nobility to issue from a self-centered existence.

No—we must discover an alternative authority, outside ourselves.

I do not think philosophy holds the answer, for it is too tightly tied by its own conundrums.

I do not think science has the key. It releases power but has failed to show us how best to use it.

Socialism fails at the point where it breaks man asunder from his soul. Man cannot subsist by bread alone. Economic theories, however sound, reach but a portion of life, and not the most important portion at that.

Where then can we turn for authority?

None agrees with Mr. H. G. Wells all the time, all of us some of the time. "When I write of Christianity," he said once, "I mean Christianity with a definite creed and a militant organization."

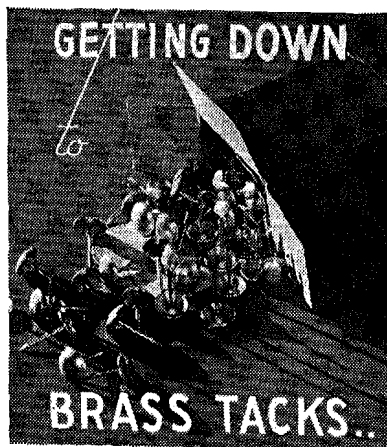
Yes, Mr. H. G. Wells, and though probably you would not accept my elaboration of it, I thank you for this statement.

The Authority of Jesus

Here in Christianity we have the authority the world needs. It is not mythical, for it is based on a "definite creed" which actually is a statement of historical fact—the life, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. You can sweep Napoleon away more readily than you can get rid of this bit of history. And the militant organization—that is simply the extension into all time of the spirit of Jesus, expressed not through dead forms, but in the transformed living of multitudes everywhere.

The authority of Jesus in a life expels ruthlessly paralyzing selfishness. Actions cease to be determined by self-interest but by what will bring the greatest good to others. Thus the finest qualities of fellowship and justice, disciplined behaviour and constructive action are developed in the personality that is integrated about Jesus Christ. He releases a flood of cleaning good into the redeemed soul. It cannot be otherwise, for the life shares the grandeur of its God.

I cannot see any other adequate answer to the riddle of authority.



Step by step one goes far.

Cut your own wood and it will warm you twice.

Do we not miss most of our blessings by refusing our burdens?

More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of simple human pity.

Be quite sure that no man will learn anything at all, unless he first learn humility.—Lord Lytton.

May the hinges of friendship never rust or the wings of faith and love lose a feather.—Scottish Toast.

IN THE BEGINNING . . . GOD !

A Message for the New Year



TRUE, a good beginning does not necessarily ensure a good ending, but it can go a long way in assisting a person in the right direction. What if you have made a sorry mess of the year that has just passed out! What if the dismal failures have caused your head to droop in discouragement! What if the snags placed in your way by your ancient enemy, Satan, have given you many an expected tumble! Does it aid you any to grieve over these losses?

YES, if by so doing you will GAIN thereby! It is given to the lot of fallible humanity to make mistakes, but he is a wise man indeed, who can make himself profit by them.

There is only one Source of Goodness and Power, and that is God Himself. Look in any other direction and you look IN VAIN—as thousands of disappointed searchers do testify to-day. Go back to God, get on your knees, link up with Him, tell Him your needs, and you cannot fail to receive A NEW START. He bids you in His Word to GO FORWARD with HIM. He says, "FEAR NOT, I WILL HELP THEE." With the poet you may exclaim:

*I have been defeated again and again,
But there is Something within me
That is never defeated,
For I am full of New Beginnings.
My blood shall drink of the spears that pierce me
And my lips shall make laughter of bitterness;
Out of despair I shall make a song.*

STUDY these promises, **THEY ARE FOR ALL WHO AIM AT MAKING 1942 A SUCCESS:** "Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for **THE LORD UPHOLDETH HIM** with His hand" (Psalm 37:24) . . . He hath said: I will **NEVER LEAVE THEE, NOR FORSAKE THEE** Hebrews 13:5) . . . He which hath **BEGUN** a good work in you, will **PERFORM** it till the day of Jesus Christ (Phil. 1:6) . . . Now unto Him, who **IS ABLE TO KEEP** you from falling . . . and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy (Jude 24).

THERE are a thousand and more glorious promises in the Eternal Word of God, which have never been rescinded, and which are just as applicable to your needs **TO-DAY** as they were to the requirements of those to whom they were made in the first place. Consider your need, select the promise most suited to your own particular case, and honor God with the application of your faith. In the never-to-be-forgotten last words of The Army Founder, **"THE PROMISES OF GOD ARE SURE IF YOU WILL ONLY BELIEVE!"**

THE GENERAL'S GREETINGS

International Leader Sends Seasonal Message

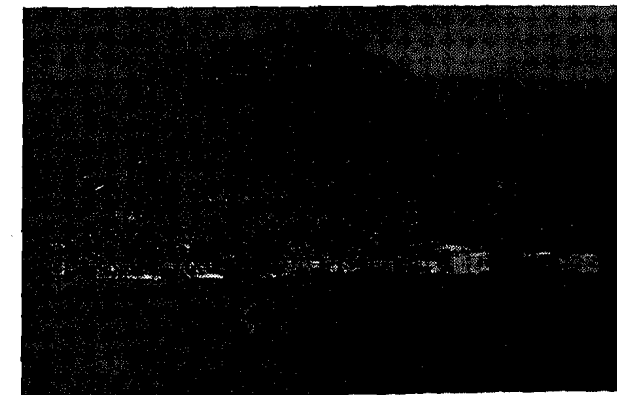
AS we go to press just prior to Christmas we learn that the Territorial Commander, Commissioner B. Orames, has received a message from General G. L. Carpenter extending seasonal greetings to Officers, Soldiers and friends in

the Canadian Territory. The brief, but welcomed cable reads:

"Affectionate Christmas and New Year greetings. The God of peace fill you with all joy and peace in believing. Exalt Christ victorious."

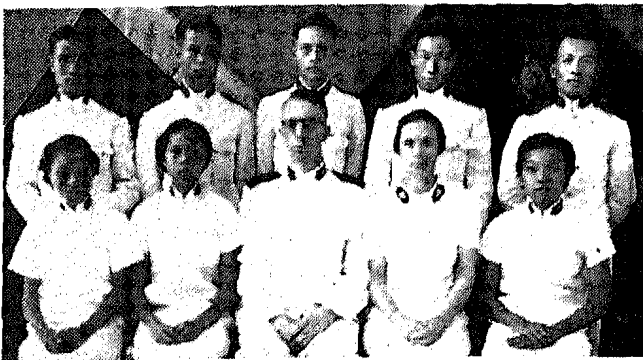
IN THE FAR EAST

A pre-war view of Hong Kong taken at night from Kowloon on the mainland. The Army's Headquarters are situated at Hong Kong, where Lieut. Colonel Wm. Darby is in charge of the South China Territory.



READY FOR SERVICE

Chinese Cadets recently commissioned from The Army's Training Institute, Canton, China, with Adjutant and Mrs. L. Standley, Officers responsible for training.



AIR MARSHAL W. A. BISHOP, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C. Famous as the great Canadian Ace of the first World War, Air Marshal Bishop is one of the outstanding leaders in air affairs in the present conflict. As a friend of The Salvation Army his willingness to help, in spite of his multifarious duties and responsibilities, makes the Organization doubly indebted to him.

When asked recently to join the Ottawa Advisory Board, the Air Marshal cordially responded and is now linked up with that important and influential group of prominent citizens.

THE WORLD ABOUT US

Occasional Observations On Passing Events

WITH THE SPREAD of war's conflagration to practically every continent of the world, Christian people are saddened by the havoc wrought upon Christian work and institutions everywhere. Truly it would seem that the Prince of Evil is having his way.

But it should be remembered that the fires of destruction have made inroads into the universal Church of God in past ages and God's people and His work have emerged marvellously purified and strengthened. It will be so in this present crisis. God has never failed to vindicate Himself or His servants who have remained faithful to His cause.

IN ONE of his recent "From My Desk" articles the General referred to the importance of keeping up family prayers in these distracting times. There is no doubt that the maintenance of this helpful daily spiritual exercise in a rush-a-day world is becoming more and more difficult—and more and more necessary; and for those who do not spend at least a few moments before the Father's Throne each day, we suggest that the New Year is a good time to start.

FAMILY PRAYERS

TO PROMOTE EFFICIENCY and lesson strain a large and influential group of physicians have recommended a voluntary midnight curfew; that is a cessation of all activity after midnight, when—unless absolutely necessary—work, recreation and especially late parties entirely cease.

Citizens of sound sense will approve of the recommendation and

MIDNIGHT CURFEW

will not wait to put it into practice. Many have done so long ago. The nation needs every ounce of its reserve strength in these grim war-days and cannot afford to let it go to waste in night-life frivolities. A great many other similar forms of dissipation could well be investigated.

IN THE MESSAGES exchanged by King George and President Roosevelt, expressing unity in a common cause, the highly religious tone in which both telegrams were couched was noticeable. Said His Majesty, "With God's help the powers of darkness will be overcome," and the President replied, "May God guide us through whatever trials are yet to come and speed the day of victory."

We may well praise God for such leaders.

GREAT CHRISTIAN LEADERS

MRS. GENERAL CARPENTER

A FALL at home caused Mrs. Carpenter's right wrist to be fractured, states the British War Cry, necessitating a cancellation of public engagements for a short period. A later issue states that the injured wrist is making progress.

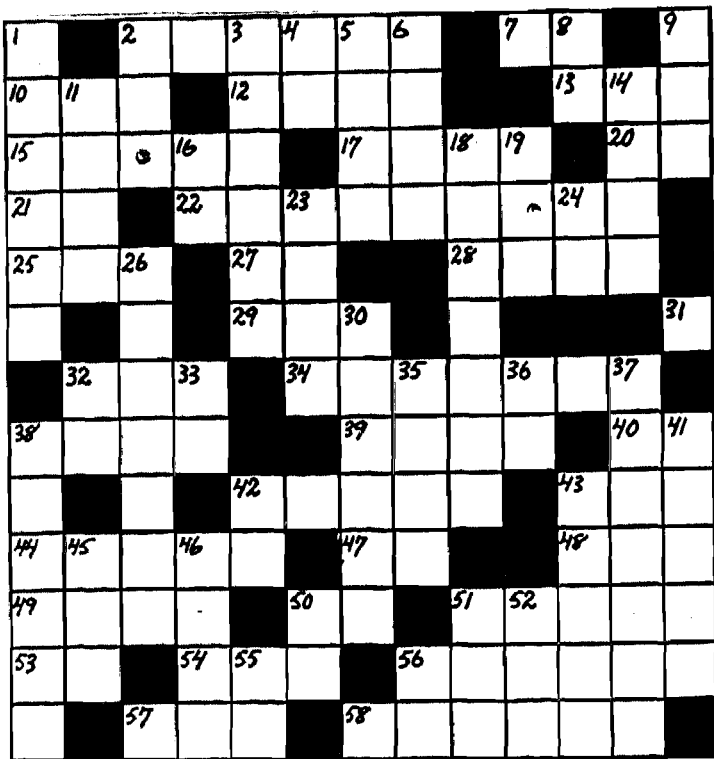
RE-ELECTED BY ACCLAMATION

SALVATIONISTS in the Queen City of Toronto were more than pleased to learn that Mayor Fred J. Conboy has received his second term of office by acclamation. Dr. Conboy, always a staunch friend of The Salvation Army, during the past twelve months has served his fellow-citizens with distinction and efficiency. Mrs. Conboy, it will be recalled, has taken part in a number of Army women's events.

Beginning a New Series

BIBLE CROSSWORD PUZZLE

The Teachings of Christ—1



"Likewise I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—Luke 15:10

REPENTANCE

- HORIZONTAL**
- 2 "... ye, therefore, and be converted" Acts 3:19
- 7 "But what think..." Matt. 21:28
- 10 "Joy shall be in heaven over... sinner that repenteth" Luke 15:7
- 12 Mohammedan prince.
- 13 "Turn away your faces from iniquities," Ezek. 14:6
- 15 "baptized of him in the... of Jordan, confessing their sins" Mark 1:5
- 17 Bloody
- 20 "If he lose one... them" Luke 15:4
- 21 Transport and Supply
- 22 "I came not to call the... but sinners to repentance" Luke 5:32
- 25 "he layeth it on shoulders, rejoicing" Luke 15:5
- 27 Senior
- 28 "more than over ninety and nine... persons" Luke 15:7
- 29 Son of Noah, Gen. 5:32
- 31 "when he was yet... great way off" Luke 15:20
- 32 "... he arose, came to his father" Luke 15:20
- 34 "Doest thou... on the Son of God?" John 9:35
- 38 "Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at..." Matt. 4:17
- 39 "upon this... I will build my church" Matt. 16:18
- 40 Title of respect

- 42 "and... him that is high" Ezek. 21:26
- 43 "bringing gold, and silver, ivory, and... and peacocks" I Kings 10:22
- 44 "It was meet that we should make... and be glad" Luke 15:32
- 47 Royal Engineers
- 48 Licensee of the Apothecaries' Society (London)
- 49 Table-land
- 50 City of Canaanites. Josh. 8:1
- 51 "and all that I have is..." Luke 15:31
- 53 Hebrew deity
- 54 "For this my... was dead, and is alive again" Luke 15:24
- 56 "Father, I have sinned against... and before thee" Luke 15:18
- 57 "leave... ninety and nine" Luke 15:4
- 58 "And the... must first be published among all nations" Mark 3:10
- Our text is 2, 7, 32, 34, 57 and 58 combined

- VERTICAL**
- 1 "am no more... to be called thy son" Luke 15:9
- 2 Last book of the Bible
- 3 "except ye repent, ye shall all likewise..." Luke 13:5
- 4 Printers' measure
- 5 "as he came and drew to the house" Luke 15:25
- 6 Pace of horse
- 8 Each
- 9 Fairy
- 11 Unless

- 14 "he was... and is found" Luke 15:24
- 16 Ancestor of Jesus. Luke 3:28
- 18 "... with me; for I have found my sheep" Luke 15:6
- 19 "I say unto... that likewise joy shall be in heaven" Luke 15:17
- 23 Grasp suddenly
- 24 "he is faithful and just to forgive... our sins" I John 1:9
- 26 "think ye that they were... above all men" Luke 13:4
- 30 Youngest son of Levi. Gen. 46:11
- 32 Lava (Hawaiian)
- 33 Doctor of Divinity
- 35 "having an hundred sheep, if he... one of them" Luke 15:4
- 36 This makes me meek
- 37 Swear in jurors (var.)
- 38 "and like a... that breaketh the rock in pieces" Jer. 23:29
- 41 City built by Asshur. Gen. 10:12
- 42 Yes
- 43 "thy brother was dead, and is... again" Luke 15:32
- 45 Snake-like fish
- 46 "Be not... with thy mouth" Eccl. 5:2
- 50 "For I was... hungry, and ye gave me meat" Matt. 25:35
- 51 Half tested
- 52 "and her... was to light on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz" Ruth 2:3
- 55 Whirlwind off the Faroe Islands
- 56 "... every one that thirsteth" Isa. 55:1

R.S.W.A.

N-O-T-E-S

by the

TERRITORIAL SECRETARY
(MRS. COLONEL PEACOCK)

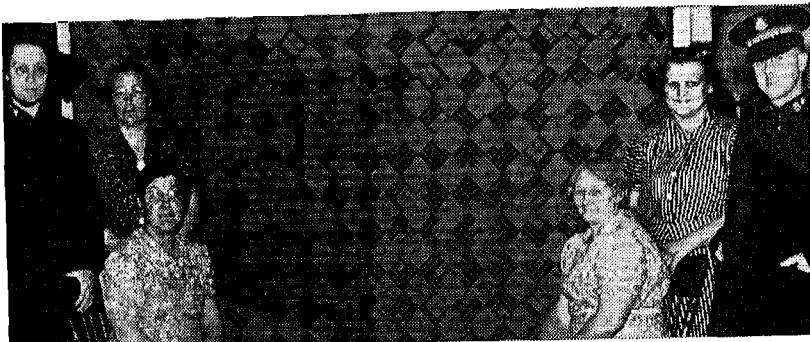
A WOMEN'S Red Shield Auxiliary has been organized at Eagle Crest District, 28 miles south of Biggar, Sask., where Captain F. Brady met many women of the district, and gave a talk on The Army's war work. This is the first time that The Army has been represented in the district.

The members meet at various farm homes, and are busy with knitting and quilting. The officers elected were: president, Mrs. Druid; vice-president, Mrs. R. E. Robinson; and secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Hutcheon.

The first rally of all women's war service groups at Moncton, N.B.,

Present were representatives from forty organizations identified with the R.S.W.A. All groups are working well, and are to be congratulated. Some 250 persons were present.

City sirens blew about mid-way through the program for a tri-country black-out, and in the total darkness the crowd sat calmly singing Army choruses. Major Martin opened the meeting and presented the chairman, Major T. B. Jennings, supervisor of Red Shield War Services at Moncton. The Citadel Band and Songsters supplied music. Mrs. Major Martin presented the report adding words of thanks for service rendered by



BACK IN SERVICE.—Khaki cloth used in the first Great War is being used again to good advantage. Brantford, Ont., R.S.W.A. members, employed at the Slingsby Mills, sacrificed their noon hours to cut the cloth into squares and work it into the large quilt seen in the photograph. With Major and Mrs. Geo. Mundy are Mrs. E. King, Mrs. M. Casey, Mrs. A. VanSickle, and Miss A. Kislosky. In this same factory, girls of the weaving department save all coppers from their pay to buy clothing for evacuees. They have already sent three shipments overseas through the medium of the Red Shield Women's Auxiliary

was held recently under the direction of Mrs. Major W. Martin.

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

V	E	I	L	D	F	A	T	O	T
I	N	H	A	R	I	M	H	O	
N	A	C	R	U	C	I	F	I	E
E	F	T	S	K	I	E	R	H	A
G	A	R	M	E	N	T	S	F	D
A	R	R	E	N	I	A			
R	F	O	R	S	A	K	E	N	S
S	O	N	S	P	I	R	I	T	O
E	A	R	T	H	P	N	S	H	E
G	A	T	E	A	H	I	R	A	
W	R	I	T	T	E	N	C	E	R
E	A	V	E	S	D	E	E	D	S
T	H	E	N	I	S	I	S	T	W

SIN'S LENGTHENED SHADOW

(Continued from page 3)

into the Fleur-de-lis she would go to have "another," and to wrangle with an increasingly unmanageable Jacques, whose indignation at having to plead with his wife for each drink was rising alarmingly.

At six o'clock, or thereabouts, Jacques and Beth, with their companions, all boisterously drunk, reeled out of the inn. Jacques' pleadings had started a bitter argument which continued as they lolled about the doorway. Among the carousers, all vainly attempting to make their voices heard above the row, was Jean LeBrun, the town's infamous roisterer. He lurched about crazily, slobbering hot, bellicose words. "You're a disgrace to your kind, you fire-spitting vixen," he hiccupped, pointing uncertainly at Beth. "Imagine putting your own flesh and blood, your own baby to

check great stamping horses, and then taking the money to buy your liquor. It's a shame, a shame," he spluttered.

Just then Jacques turned. As he did so his elbow landed strongly against Jean's left ribs. Jean, sadly befogged by excessive drinking, thoroughly misinterpreted the action. He thought Jacques was about to strike him for taunting Beth. Lumberingly he moved to get out of the way. Jacques, equally confused, mistook Jean's movement, believing he also was about to be assaulted; and thinking to have the advantage of surprise, he squared off, and flung himself viciously at his supposed opponent.

The drunken group, like beasts about a flaming faggot, manoeuvred awkwardly around the two men now smashing at each other with

diffident results. Suddenly, and in a curious fashion, the entire group of brawlers was engaged in the mêlée. All of them were hopelessly entangled, squirming, scuffling, pulling and pushing.

Francois, the cowherd, so brawny that he could carry a heavy carcass all the way to St. Peter Port without fatigue, was incensed to find himself at the bottom of the struggling heap. Sinewy arms outstretched, he lashed about him in windmill style, banging bodies against heads, boots against temples, till at last there was breathing space and he was able to stand, shaking with excitement and running with sweat.

But Francois' relief was short-lived. Scanning the ten or a dozen bodies stretched around him, he was panic-stricken. He had not appre-

ciated the herculean strength with which he had flung the squabblers at each other. True, Robert and Le-bouchre and the others were only bruised, but it was the strange appearance of Jacques and Beth that frightened him. Jacques lay angularly across the curb, his head, face down, draped over on to the cobble stones of the street. He lay fearfully still.

The sight of Beth horrified the giant cowherd most of all. She lay like a plasticine figure, grey and quiet, with blood, like a smear of carmine pigment, across her cheek. Sobered by terror, Francois felt his way through the inn doors, muttering, "Mais non, mais non! I didn't do it. Not me!"

By this time almost all the villagers were at the scene. The gendarme had arrived to investigate the cause of the brawl, and to levy blame. Jacques, it was found, had a fractured skull, and they lifted him carefully into the inn. Five minutes after, a whisper announced his death.

Beth, they discovered, was dead already.

Old Pierre turned up just then. "Aye," he said, "it was their baby that held my lines only this afternoon... that laddie over there, see!" And he pointed a grimy forefinger at the child who stood wondering and whimpering in the crowd.

Sympathetically somebody patted the boy's head and murmured, "Poor little orphan." But "orphan" was a new word to Charles and mercifully, he did not understand. (To be continued)

§ MEDITATIONS §

For Mother

And Maid

Glory of the Dawn Chorus

THE British Islands are happy in that they are the home of many splendid bird songsters. One of the greatest glories of an English spring is the awakening of the birds to song, but the most wonderful exhibition by the bird choir is given at a time when, as the late Earl Grey (famous as Britain's Foreign Minister during the World War, and one of the greatest bird lovers of recent times) said, "civilized man is either asleep or suffering from the want of it."

For the variety of singers and the perfect blending of their songs during the so-called "Dawn Chorus" are unequalled at any other time of the day. It is entralling to think of this glorious wave of song sweeping round the world. On this world-idea of dawn song an English naturalist, M. D. Haviland, writes graphically: "Suddenly an ouzel, far away to the eastward, begins to pipe faintly; and as the minutes pass, another and another, nearer and nearer, join in the chorus, until every tree bursts into a paean of song, which in turn is taken up by the expectant multitude in the forests to the westward. It seems as if the great wooded shoulder of the earth, rolling eastwards into sunrise, awakes one songster after another, until Asia and Europe, from Pacific to Atlantic, are linked together by a chain of thrush's music."

Going back over a century we find bluff William Corbett while roaming the English countryside on horseback during his famous "Rural Rides," fascinated by the same flood of song, for he wrote: "Oh! the thousands of linnets all singing together on one tree, in the sand-hills of Surrey! Oh! the carolling in the coppices and the dingles of Hampshire and Sussex and Kent. At this moment (five o'clock in the morning) the groves at Barn Elm are echoing with the warblings of thousands upon thousands of birds. The thrush begins a little before it is light; next the blackbird; next the larks begin to rise; all the rest begin the moment the sun gives the signal; and from the hedges, the bushes, from the middle and the topmost twigs of the trees, comes the singing of endless variety."

Mention has been made of the affection Earl Grey had for the birds, and Theodore Roosevelt in his autobiography recalled the memorable hours he spent with him in 1910. Together they tramped the New Forest a long summer's day, and they identified 41 varieties of birds and heard the calls of 23. "He knows the songs and the ways of English birds as few know them," said Roosevelt, and Grey lamented that more people did not take interest in birds. He wrote: "In May, when all the summer birds are with us, and established in nesting-places and territory, the great Dawn Chorus is at its fullest and best. . . . It is at its best between three and four o'clock in the morning. And when birds wake it is in the highest vitality and spirits, which are expressed in united song before ever a morsel of food is sought."

His wife, Lady Grey, once likened the Dawn Chorus, in felicitous phrase, to "a tapestry translated into sound."

THE old year is dead, the new year is born. Humbly, fearfully, we sink on our knees, and slowly, in answer to our prayers, comes back something of the old faith of our childhood, and we rejoice that we are granted one more New Year's day on which to "begin again"—not in our childish way, with utter disregard of the past, but trustingly, patiently, knowing that we must never carry with us our past, and rejoicing that, with God's help, we may make the future better because of the past. Then, as we rise from our knees, we look bravely forward to the veiled figure that stands at our threshold; we know only that it is God's new year. May He bless it to us all!

There exists a very beautiful custom in some European countries, which it would be well to imitate everywhere. On the first day of the New Year, whatever may have been the quarrels or estrangements between friends and relatives, mutual visits are interchanged, kindly greetings given and received—all is forgotten and forgiven. Let this custom begin with reconciliation to God, then friendship and fellowship may be found that shall be blessed and lasting.

I see not a step before me
As I tread on another year,
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future His mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.



WHATEVER the past year may have meant to you, make it dead history. But let the new year be a living issue. With a big, fresh sponge, dripping with the clear water of forgiveness, wipe clean the slate of your heart. Enter the year with a kind thought for every one. You need not kiss the hand that smote you, but grasp it in cordial good feeling, and let the electricity of your own resolves find its connecting current—which very often exists where we think it not. Make the new year a happy one in your home; be bright of disposition; carry your cares easy; let your heart be as sunshine, and your life will give warmth to all around you. And thus will you and yours be happy.

"A.D." — the world writes the letters carelessly as it turns the page to record for the first time the new year; but in these letters is the "open secret" of the ages, for this, too, is a "year of our Lord," an "acceptable year," "a year of grace," —Jesse B. Thomas, D.D.

Just in proportion as we are not contented with our sphere, nor satisfied with ourselves, do we reach out longingly to a better sphere and worthier course of life; and therefore it is that, to so many of us, the end of an old year brings a sense of relief, in that its shortcomings and failures are now to be left behind, while the approach of a new year suggests a hope of something different and better beyond.

NEW LIFE

IN my blessed, living Jesus,
I dead to sin am I,
Ris'n with Him and glory-crown'd,
Seated now on high.

In the bosom of the Father,
There in Christ I dwell,
Knowing, midst earth's sore amaze,
All for me is well.

Ethel M. Clarkson.

PRAYER FOR CHILDREN

GOD grant no little children go
With hungry heart and empty hand—
Give this Thy world one radiant day
To understand, to understand.

Give us the fitting word to say,
The spendthrift smile, the brave caress;
Disclose our hearts, and give us now
The courage of our tenderness!

Lord, we are old with toil and tears,
Our souls are veiled with various art,

Yet still the little children keep
Thine ancient simpleness of heart;

And they alone of all Thy breath
May bind the burning angel's eyes,
And, striking laughter from the sword,
Retrace the years to Paradise.

They are so brave with love and dreams,
So eager-eyed, and, ah, so dear;
I think that we must give them now
The faith they bore across the year.

I think that we must give them now
The spendthrift smile, the kindly word,
That earth may keep its ancient hope,
And we Thy full commandments, Lord!

Mental Hygiene

WONDERING whether the term "mental hygiene" is a bit baffling, or conveys some idea that the person requiring it is "not quite bright," we put some questions to Dr. Milton E. Kirkpatrick of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, asking first: "How would you define mental hygiene in simple language?"

"Well," he said, "there's nothing mysterious about it. It's what's on your mind."

Mental health has to do with the way you look at things, the way you feel about people, the way you take whatever comes in the daily round. It's true, Dr. Kirkpatrick agreed, that we're apt to think of "mental" in terms of things going wrong, rather than right; of the whole term "mental hygiene" as concerning major problems, not just the handling of everyday behavior. "We need to realize," he added, "that major problems grow out of small beginnings; that every hard-to-handle maladjustment was once a minor problem in a normal person."

Studies of marriage and family life, Dr. Kirkpatrick continued, show that parents who had happy childhoods have a better chance of making good adjustments in their own marriages; and everything we do for the baby has to do, later, with his own role as a person and as a parent.

We do not want a child picking up bad habits by playing with those tough boys down the block; we don't want Susie running around with every Tom, Dick and Harry. Yet it is the Susies with plenty of boy friends who make the happiest wives; it is the children with the most assorted playmates who learn to get on with people—a quality that comes in handy.

Unhappy end-results of small beginnings are all too common. There's Dad, who always wanted to be an engineer, but had to quit school and go to work. So he builds all his hopes on making an engineer of Johnny. Natural enough, we may think, and a small thing to have the tremendous importance it will have to Johnny, who wanted to study law, and grows up to be a round peg in a square hole of engineering. One day it will be important to Johnny's children.

A Great Knitter

GEORGE HURRELL, a New Zealander, for seventy-eight of the eighty-five years he has lived has been a knitter. He began to knit when he was a boy of seven. During his life he has served in the navy, has been employed at saw-mills and has had his own farm in the bush country, but whichever of these varied lines of work he has followed he has found his pastime pleasure in knitting. The kinds of articles at which Mr. Hurrell has tried his hand include socks, pull-overs, cardigans in fancy stitches, scarves in colored patterns, cushion covers and teacosies. Not many months ago this great knitter had the first illness of his life, and while he was recovering in the hospital, he kept his fingers busy at his favorite work of knitting. Much of his work is for charities.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada, Alaska, Newfoundland and Bermuda.

William Booth, Founder
George L. Carpenter, General
 International Headquarters
 101 Queen Victoria St. - London, E.C.
BENJAMIN ORAMES, Commissioner
 Territorial Headquarters
 James and Albert Sts. - Toronto

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of The War Cry, including the special Easter and Christmas issues, will be mailed to any address in Canada for \$2.50 prepaid.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JAN. 3, 1942

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

PROMOTIONS—

To be Major:

Adjutant Edna Burrows.
 Adjutant Marjorie Finnie.
 Adjutant Arthur Hill.
 Adjutant Thomas Hobbins.
 Adjutant Eliza Langdon.
 Adjutant Clifford Milley.
 Adjutant Coralle McKinnell.
 Adjutant Stanley McKinnley.

BENJAMIN ORAMES,
 Commissioner.

Coming Events

COMMISSIONER B. ORAMES

TRAINING COLLEGE: Tues Jan 6 (Spiritual Day)
EATON GIRLS' SPEAKERS' CLUB: Fri Jan 9
TORONTO: Mon Jan 5 (Retired Officers' Meeting)
TORONTO: Fri Jan 16 (Central Holiness Meeting)
TORONTO: Sun Jan 18 (Dominion-wide Broadcast)

CENTRAL HOLINESS MEETINGS

EVERY FRIDAY EVENING

In the

TORONTO TEMPLE

LIEUT.-COLONEL R. HOGGARD

In charge

assisted by Training College
 Officers and Cadets

New Series Begins January 9

C - O - M - E

*HAMILTON: Sat-Sun Jan 31-Feb 1 (Young People's Council)
 *Brigadier A. Keith will accompany

COLONEL G. W. PEACOCK
 Hamilton: Thurs Jan 22 (Charlton Street Baptist Church, Men's Fellowship)
 *Ottawa: Sun-Mon Jan 17-18 (Young People's Council)
 *Brigadier A. Keith will accompany
 (Continued in column 4)

CHEERING UP A WARTIME CHRISTMAS

By Manifold Means the Shut-Ins and Unfortunate Are Encouraged and Cared For

WAR or no war, the distribution of Christmas cheer to the less fortunate of the land has been vigorously pursued by Officers and comrades throughout the Territory. Understandably, the number of needy folk are fewer; but those who were consigned to a cheerless Christmas were not forgotten, and hampers bulging with good things have been distributed by the thousands.

To make this possible, Officers and Cadets have manned willingly and enthusiastically the Christmas Cheer Kettles, and to the accompaniment of merrily ringing bells, have invited Mr. and Mrs. Public to contribute to the compassionate effort.

Lads in khaki, eloquent in praise of The Army's efforts in Red Shield Canteens, were ready donors. With them also were the "boys of the old brigade" who commented with hearty appreciation on Red Shield endeavor during 1914-1918.

Little tots, who had a job to reach the mouth of the voracious kettle, dropped in their pennies, feeling good all over at having a chance to help other boys and girls who didn't have any pennies, or who would otherwise have few, if any, toys on Christmas morning.

Institutions have been visited by Bands and musical parties. The North Toronto Band played for an hour to the tiny patients of the Sick Children's Hospital, as pathetically-

happy a picture as any one could wish to see. Nurses rolled out the cots, and the youngsters, bandaged, in splints, and with every sort of ache, sang in such a way as to thrill the visiting Bandmen, the nurses, and even themselves. Similar visits have been paid by other Bands, reports of which, due to the early deadline, have not been received for inclusion here.

Red Shield Officers have had their strength and ingenuity taxed to the limit to make the festival season as reminiscent of home and happier days as they could. Special evenings of carol singing and entertainment, with Christmas treats have been arranged.

For some of Toronto's less fortunate young citizens the North Toronto Kiwanis Club provided funds to supply fifty boys and fifty girls with a turkey dinner.

The Corps Officers at Parliament Street (Captain E. Whibley, Lieutenant G. Tutte), who were approached on the matter, did not have any difficulty in mustering a hungry hundred, who in turn did not find it any difficulty to do justice to the tasty dinner provided. And, because they were such a happy, joyous group, the twenty members of the club who were present did not find it at all difficult entertaining the children with a varied program afterward.

TERRITORIAL SPIRITUAL SPECIAL

ON various nights of the Campaign, Officers and Soldiers from the Windsor I, Windsor IV and Leamington Corps united with Essex comrades for meetings conducted by the Territorial Spiritual Special, Adjutant Wm. Ross.

The visitor's messages were spiritually beneficial, and a number of persons reconsecrated their lives to God. Two sought and found Salvation.

The Adjutant visited all branches of the Corps, including the Outpost at Puce.

Captain and Mrs. H. McDowell are the Corps Officers.

FIRST ON THE SHELF

THE opening paragraph of a leading article entitled "A Shelf of Books," by The Homemaker in a recent issue of The Globe and Mail, Toronto, reads as follows:

"The first on my shelf is not really a book at all, but the attractive Christmas number of The War Cry, showing in color on its cover the Babe in the Manger, the Wise Men, and the Star in the East. Within there are stories and pictures and

VETERAN LEADER

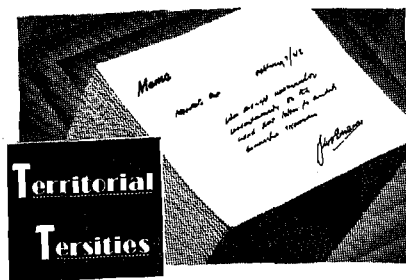
Consults Authorities in Canada

COMMISSIONER David C. Lamb (R), who, as mentioned in these columns some weeks ago, is on this side of the Atlantic for a while, visited Toronto during the recent week-end and spent considerable time in interviewing authorities and gathering data in the interests of the Empire. He also visited Territorial Headquarters and addressed the Cadets at the Training College.

Few men are more conversant with problems affecting migration of peoples within the Empire, and the Commissioner's wide experience may prove to be of great value after the war. It will be recalled that under his direction years ago thousands of British emigrants were established in Canada, a fact that is happily recalled during this The Army's Diamond Jubilee Year in the Dominion.

poems—altogether a wealth of seasonable material.

Newspapers and periodicals throughout the Dominion gave generous space to comments on The War Cry Christmas Number.



Lieut.-Colonel Thomas G. McCallum (R) was promoted to Glory recently from hospital near his home at Leigh-on-Sea, England. He was held in high regard by the Cadets of many International Training College Sessions, and known to a wide circle of Salvationists as the Officer in charge of the "Hydro," where he toiled with much success to safeguard the health of his comrades.

The relatives of several comrades recently promoted to Glory, including Lieut.-Colonel R. Tilley and Envoys Alward and Walton, wish to express grateful thanks for the many messages of sympathy received during their bereavement.

A card brings greetings from Major Alice Uden, who was appointed to Police Court work at Hamilton, Bermuda, some weeks ago. Our comrade is now engaged in her activities, and doubtless will find the Bermuda climate in January quite different to that experienced in old Ontario.

Among the seasonal activities of the "Steadfast" Session of Cadets in training at the International Training College, London, was a visit to the Chislehurst Caves, which Mrs. General Carpenter mentions in her article in The War Cry Christmas Number.

(Continued from column 1)

LIEUT.-COLONEL F. C. HAM

Galt: Thurs Jan 8 (Ministerial Association)
 Parliament Street: Sun Jan 11
 Hamilton: Wed Jan 21 (United Soldiers' Meeting)

COLONEL R. ADBY (R): Parliament Street, Mon Jan 12
LIEUT.-COLONEL MERRITT: Brock Avenue, Sun Jan 4
 Brigadier Keith: Wychwood, Sun Jan 4 (morning)
 Territorial Spiritual Special (Adjutant Wm. Ross): Fredericton, Sat-Wed Dec 27-Jan 7; Saint Stephen, Fri-Mon Jan 9-19

HOME LEAGUE EVENTS

MONTREAL DIVISION

Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Best: Lachine, Fri Jan 16

Tues Jan 6: Notre Dame West, Mrs. Brigadier Ellsworth; Outremont, Adjutant Stratton; Amherst Park, Mrs. Captain Vile; Wed 7: French Corps, Adjutant Bateman; Thurs 8: Point St. Charles, Mrs. Major Mercer; Montreal I, Mrs. Adjutant Van Roon; Verdun, Mrs. Adjutant Simester; Rosemount, Envoy Mrs. Whitlock; Maisonneuve, Sister Mrs. Richardson

To The Ciweshe Reserve and Back

(Continued from page 4)

tain of solid rock. Trees grew about a quarter of the way up, then sheer rock towered above. It would be impossible for anyone to climb such a formation. Down one side runs a stream. Legend has it that at one time a man wished to marry a chief's daughter. The chief said that he could only marry her if he could climb to the top of Bieri (the name of the rock). He climbed to the top, but could not get down again; this stream is supposed to be his tears.

Near Bobo Grande is the kraal of Joseph, the retired messenger of the native Commissioner (the European in charge of native affairs for a district). He has built himself a very nice house and near it is the compound for his eight wives and sixty children. He always wants to serve tea to any Europeans coming through, and does this himself, rather than having his wives do so. Farther into the reserve is a

place called Makepe. As I drove along I kept saying "This is Africa." This is what I had pictured it to be when I was in Canada. The country was wild with no signs of civilization. In fact at Makepe many had never seen a white woman until Mrs. Williams went up a year ago. The land beyond belongs to the Crown, and has never been surveyed yet.

Lion and Leopard Country

When we arrived there we had met the Officer, we had some time before returning back, so went for a walk through the hills. Once again on the road, about three miles out, the engine stopped as if we were out of petrol. We had visions of staying there in the wilds while we sent for patrol about forty miles away. It was lion and leopard country, and although during the day all went serene we did not feel

like spending the night there. But we found it was not petrol for without doing anything it started and we went gaily on our way home.

We had no more misadventures until within about five miles of Howard. We turned off the main road onto a new back road as a short cut to Howard. This was only a path and as there were so many paths we soon did not know which one to take and found ourselves in a field. Then we saw a road ahead of us and when we reached it we found it was the mainroad we had left. So we had to go back and start all over again. Then we asked and got on the right road. But we soon found that things did not look right so asked again and found that again we had taken the wrong road, so again we had to return to the right road. My how good it was to see the lights of Howard. The trip had been an adventure, and a blessing, and I will go again when I have the chance.

could not then he would do it. But they asked him to make the decision. So he said he would name it after a nearby hill, as there were four headmen and he could not call it after them all. But they then asked that if there was trouble who would be arrested, the headman or the hill! So it was decided to call it after the headman whose kraal was nearest.

On our way back, as we neared Cinahasha again, we met women and girls coming with eggs and pumpkins to buy Army S's, and Army ribbon bands.

The scenery at Cinahasha is wonderful. The Corps is on a hill and one can see valleys, hills and mountains in all directions. No word picture can describe the beauty of those rugged rocks.

After lunch we went on to another Corps over another new road, which lay in the valley through the hills I have mentioned. As we came onto the main road I saw a sight I will not forget in a hurry: a moun-

A-T-T-E-N-T-I-O-N

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DAYS

YOUNG People's Days, so keenly anticipated by the youth of the Territory, are announced to be held at the following centres on the dates given: Ottawa, January 18; Windsor, January 25; Hamilton, February 1; London and Kingston, February 8; Montreal and Regina, March 1; Nelson, March 4; Vancouver, March 8; Calgary, March 15; Winnipeg and Peterboro, March 22; Toronto and Orillia, April 19. Further details will be given in the New Year.

IN A FEW WORDS

MR. GLADSTONE, the great commoner, was once asked if he would say, in a few words, what was the secret of his life, and he replied:

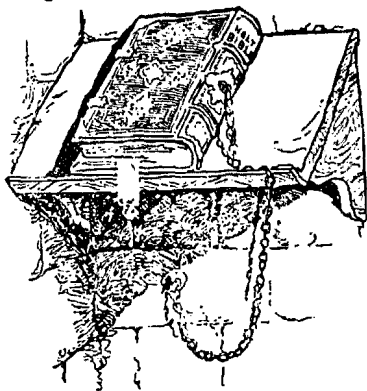
"Rock of ages cleft for me
Let me hide myself in Thee."

THE BIBLE . . .

Like Unto a Magnificent Palace

THE Bible is like unto a magnificent palace constructed of precious oriental stone, comprising sixty-six stately chambers. Each one of these chambers is different from its fellows and is perfect in its individual beauty, while together they form an edifice incomparably majestic, glorious, and sublime.

In the book of Genesis we enter the grand Vestibule, where we are immediately introduced to the records of the mighty work of God in creation. This Vestibule gives access to the Law Courts, passing through which we come to the Picture Gallery of the historical books.



Here we find hung upon the walls scenes of battles, heroic deeds, and portraits of valiant men of God. Beyond the Picture Gallery we find the Philosopher's Chamber—the book of Job—passing through which we enter the Music Room—the book of Psalms—and here we linger, thrilled by the grandest harmonies that fell on human ears. Then we come to the Business Office—the book of Proverbs—in the very centre of which stands the motto, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." Leaving the Business Office we pass into the Research Department—Ecclesiastes—and thence into the Conservatory—the Song of Solomon—where greet us the fragrant aroma of choicest fruits and flowers and the sweet singing of birds. We then reach the Observatory where the Prophets with their powerful telescopes are looking for the appearing of the "Bright and Morning Star," prior to the dawning of the "Sun of Righteousness." Crossing the courtyard, we come to the Audience Chamber of the King—the Gospels—where we find four life-like portraits of the King Himself, revealing the perfections of His infinite beauty. Next we enter the workroom of the Holy Spirit—The Acts of the Apostles—and beyond that the Correspondence Room—the Epistles—where we see Paul and Peter, James, John and Jude, busy at their tables under the personal direction of the Spirit of Truth. Finally we enter the Throne Room—the book of Revelation—where we are enraptured by the mighty volume of adoration and praise which is ever addressed to the enthroned King, and which fills the vast Chamber; while in the adjacent Galleries and Judgment Hall there are portrayed solemn scenes of judgment and wondrous scenes of glory.

HE had a homely common-sense philosophy that has gone down with the ages—respected and admired. He believed in clean living and practised it. When others drank liquor and used tobacco, he would have neither of these; furthermore he urged others to leave them strictly alone.

This man was a big success as an ambassador, a writer, and as a discoverer of electricity. His writings contain an abundance of plain common sense. But perhaps above all he was an American

patriot with high national ideals. His early life was spent largely as a printer. But he mapped out a campaign for himself that broadened his life tremendously, proving

the importance of laying plans and sturdily carrying them to fruition. He was a poor boy, often raggedly dressed. But he

won for his bride a girl who had once laughed at him but who later developed for him a respect that she retained to the end. His name is given at the foot of column 4.

Biographical Brain Teasers:

Who Was He?—1

STAND BY

To Do a Good Turn

WHEN a ship is in distress, other ships answer her SOS. If the seas are heavy, and a rescue cannot be immediately effected, or if there is a question as to what ought to be done, the other ships "stand by." Our lives are like ships. We sometimes run into heavy seas. Life's difficulties increase until there is danger that we shall be swamped. When there is illness or sudden tragedy in a home there are those who fear to intrude. They say that people do not want callers under such circumstances, which, of course, is quite correct. There are others who can shelve their own business, and have a faculty for taking charge of the situation.

There is a delicious story of an Irish policeman regulating traffic on a busy highway. He was holding up a great and growing number of cars, and standing with a humorous smile on his face as the honking grew more persistent. The motorists in front finally saw the cause of the delay and joined in his smile when



they discovered that its purpose was to allow a mother cat carrying her kitten to cross the road.

Stopping the traffic of life to do a good turn. That is the best definition of kindness I know, says Magnus Flett in the United Church Observer. People who stand by like that are part of God's answer to our prayer:

"Abide with me; fast falls the evening,
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me."

And Thus You

Got Your Name

IN early times, of course, people bore only a first name. Along about the time of the Norman conquest of England, however, the nobility began to use the titles of their ancestral estates as surnames. The rest of the people followed the example, and proudly assumed the names of their trades, such as Smith, Baker, Miller, Clark (Clerk), and many more that you will recognize among the names of your friends to-day.

Other names show simple relationship of father and son. For instance, Wilson was originally William-his-son. Thompson and Johnson and many more were formed in the same way. Indeed, in almost every country you find names indicating this relationship.

The prefix O' in Ireland and Mac or Mc in Scotland has this meaning. That is, O'Hara means the son of Hara, and MacCarthy means the son of Arthur. The French word for son, "fils," was corrupted into Fitz. Thus, Fitzpatrick means the son of Patrick and Fitzgerald means the son of Gerald. The Welsh indicated this same thing by the word "ap." In this way David the son of Howell was called David ap Howell, which gradually became Powell.

As people moved from one country to another they often became known by place names. A man from Scotland would be called "the Scot," and the surname Scott would be applied to his whole family. Wallace originally indicated a person who came from Wales.

BOTH ARE NEEDED

JESUS uses different types of people. "Martha . . . and she had a sister named Mary." Two distinct personalities under the same roof. Martha unemotional and practical; Mary imaginative and contemplative. Martha splendid in the kitchen; Mary wonderful in the drawing room.

And Jesus is grateful for both and accepts what each can give Him. Thankful for Martha's household preparations, grateful for Mary's quiet listening. It is not for us to say which is the best service; both are needful.

THE PALESTINIAN OWL

Another Bird of the Bible and Its Solemn Significance

THERE are few birds so decidedly marked, or as easily recognized as the owl. The round puffy head, with the small hooked beak protruding sharply from the downy plumage which surrounds two large soft blinking eyes. The curious disk of feathers which radiate from the eye forming a funnel-shaped depression, are such characteristic distinctions, that an owl, even of the least owl-like aspect, can at once be detected by the most unobservant among us.

The Bible has much to say of the owl. Its name means howl and has been designated because of the weird nocturnal hoot that characterizes it. There are five different species of this bird to be found in Palestine, and as a result we find frequent references to its characteristics, nocturnal habits, and singular haunts in the Old Testament.

One traveller from the Holy Land states: "The owl is a large and noble-looking bird, nearly two feet in length and prominently distinctive. It inhabits ruins and caves all over Palestine. We found it in the tombs of Carmel; in the robbers caves near Gennesaret, in the hermit dens above Jericho, among the ruined cities of southern Judea, in the desert near Beer-sheba, and among the temples of Rabbath-Ammon."

Because of its peculiar home haunts, the owl is adopted by the Psalmist and Isaiah the Prophet as a type of desolation. Writing prophetically of God's righteous judgment upon those nations and peoples of the world who despise His sovereignty and forget His boundless love, Isaiah says, "The indignation of the Lord is upon all nations, and His fury upon all their armies; He hath utterly destroyed them . . . their armies . . . their cities . . . and the earth. The owl . . . shall dwell in them" (Isaiah 34:1-11).

This fierce, darkness-loving bird represents also those thousands to-day who

ONLY ONE

ONLY one life to live,
Only one path to choose;
Only one tongue to speak its worth,
Only one life to lose.

Only one life to live,
Only one voice to raise,
Only one door to enter in
Only one heart to praise.

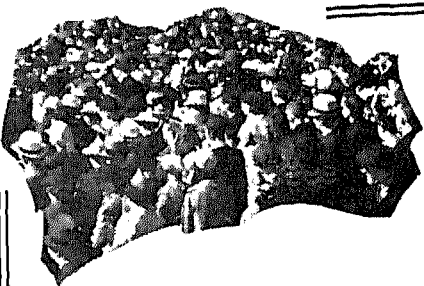
possess quick, God-given powers of thinking and intelligence, yet who hate the light of sound gospel truth are active only in false and delusive light. The child of God must be careful in these "last days" not to become a prey to the teaching of every "ism" that presents itself; but loving, studying and knowing the true light of the Gospel verities, be in the happy position where dark, delusive literature, presented under a cloak of semi-light, can readily be discerned and definitely shunned.

Often, too, there are Christians whose lives are unfortunately filled with almost a constant night, primarily because of their lack of faith and confidence in Almighty God. There are long nights of privation, sorrow, unemployment, sickness and adversity which could be totally alleviated through faith in God.

The nocturnal habits of the owl remind us forcibly too of the Master's denunciation of wilful sinners who love the darkness, rather than light, because their deeds are evil (St. John 3:19).

The owl cannot better its lot; God has made it for the night. But man can better himself, for he was made for light and for the constant sunshine of the presence of God both here and hereafter. The penalty for a long and wilful continuance in the dark practices of sin is death.—Captain L. Pindred.

WHO WAS HE?—Benjamin Franklin.



WE ARE LOOKING FOR YOU!

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and, so far as is possible, assist anyone in difficulty.

One dollar, should where possible, be sent with enquiry to help defray expenses.

Address your communications to the Men's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, in the case of men, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope. In the case of women, please notify the Women's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto.

JEFFERY, Charles Herbert—Born in Thrapston, Northants, England; age 28 years; height 5 ft. 10 ins.; blue eyes; fair hair and complexion. Emigrated to Canada in 1928. Occupation, farmer. Last heard of in Chantry, Ontario. Sister anxious for news. M4382

TONKIN, A. E.—Son of Samuel Tonkin. Thought to be in Vancouver, B.C. Aunt, Mrs. M. Fuller, in England, enquiring. M4456

BOYD, Alexander—Born at "Auchle Fad," Northern Ireland; age 54 years; medium height; blonde hair; fair complexion; grey-blue eyes. Last heard of laying cables in Canada in 1918-1920. Friends in Scotland enquiring. M4780

LUNDIN, Gerald Maurits—Born in Oravais, Finland, in 1900; last heard of in Gravenhurst. Wife anxious for news. M4780

HOVI, Emil—Born in Sakkyarvi, Finland, in 1884; dark hair and dark complexion. Employed in gold mines near Rouyn, Quebec. Brother enquires. M4784

PARKKILA, Isak—Born in Paavola, Finland; age 41 years; weight 175 lbs.; blue eyes; married. Emigrated in 1926; last heard of in 1938. Occupation, gold mines in Cochrane area. Wife anxious for news. M4783

MAKI, Kaarlo—Born in Iso-kyro, Finland, in 1886; tall; farm laborer. Emigrated in 1905; last heard of in Esperry, Sask. Inheritance matters. Urgent. M4782

SCHULTS, Erik—Born in Valkeala, Finland, in 1902; single; blonde; lumberman. Thought to be in Northern Ontario. Emigrated in 1927. Relatives enquire. M4781

CLUETT, Martin—Age 40 years; tall and fair; married. Known to have worked on Great Lakes; last heard from in Montreal. Father anxious. M4721

POLLEY BROTHERS, John Robert, Thomas Harold, Frederick W., and Hugh Roy—Each between 60 and 70 years of age. Born in Simcoe, Ontario. Missing for twenty-four years. Aged sister anxious for news. M4763.

KELLY, John—Age 14 years; height 5 ft. 7 ins.; dark hair; blue eyes; fair complexion. Born in Montreal. Missing since June, 1941. Known to have been at Field, B.C., and Crossfield, Alberta, with friend, Fred Ahearn. Stepfather anxious for news. M4716

RYAN, George Arthur—Born in London, Ontario; single; height 5 ft. 11 ins.; blonde blue eyes; fair complexion; long neck; protruding jaw. Occupation, tire vulcanizer. Friend enquires. M4748

SMY, Mrs. William (nee Ada Jane Wilmott)—Age 56; height 5 ft. 4 ins.; dark hair; hazel eyes; fresh complexion. Four children in family, including two boys. Is thought to be living in Quebec. Mother in the Old Country anxious. 2502



HEMSLEY, Mrs. Annie (nee Hickey)—Age 36 years. Married in Westmount, N.S. Was living in Montreal until 1927. Daughters enquiring. 2528

WATCHING UNTO PRAYER

Many new-comers are noticed in the meetings at Trail, B.C. (Captain and Mrs. Jarrett) and the Spirit of God is felt.

In connection with the "Won by One" Campaign ten days of special meetings were held. These included a half-night of prayer and bombardment of beer-parlors. Special speakers were the Rev. Mr. Smith, the Rev. Mr. Woods, Bandmaster S. Mahirney, of Nelson, and Brother E. Peddicourt, of Rossland. An afternoon meeting was devoted to Red Shield and Home League members. Mrs. H. H. O'dell being the speaker.

An interchange of Officers was effected, Captain Chiffence and Lieutenant Bowering, of Rossland, leading the Sunday meetings at Trail. The result of this arrangement was that four people claimed Salvation.

FOUNDER'S VISIT RECALLED

Inspiring meetings were conducted at Nananee, Ont. (Captain H. J. McFadyen, Lieutenant G. Smith) by Major H. Broom and Captain J. Cox, of Toronto. The singing of old songs brought blessing. One man knelt at the Mercy-Seat.

During the week, the Corps celebrated its fifty-seventh anniversary. This was a time of reminiscences. One comrade recalled the day the Founder visited the Corps and he and the Soldiers sailed on the Nananee River.

Recent visitors to the Corps were Major B. Stevens, of Kingston, and Captain C. Bonar, of Picton, both of whom have conducted meetings.

STIMULATING INTEREST

Under the supervision of the Home League, assisted by members of the Corps, a well-attended supper was given at Campbellton, N.B. (Captain and Mrs. J. A. Wilder).

Young People's Salvation meetings are stimulating interest. A number of young people came forward in a recent meeting.

Adjutant G. Bloss, of Toronto, visited the Corps in the interest of a prospective Sunbeam-Brownie Pack.

Captain Wilder addressed the Rotary Club on the subject, "The Red Shield in Action."

MAN AND WIFE CONVERTED

Meetings at Picton, N.S. (Envoys E. Munroe, Corps Cadet E. Hunt) were conducted by Brother J. A. Munroe, of New Glasgow. Music was supplied by Brother G. Atkins. The Rev. Mr. Archibald, Trenton, sang in Zulu and in English.

One person knelt at the Mercy-Seat, and cause for rejoicing was the conversion of her husband the following Sunday.

BACKSLIDERS RESTORED

An excellent musical program was given by the North Toronto Band (Major R. Watt) at Toronto 1, Ont. (Major and Mrs. H. Everitt). The program, chaired by Adjutant F. Moulton, was held in conjunction with a successful Corps sale.

Comrades rejoiced in past weeks as backsliders knelt at the Mercy-Seat.

All The Family Came

Seekers Crown Interesting Corps Events at Mount Pleasant, Vancouver

SALVATION SINGERS

Distribute Blessing at Hillhurst, Calgary

The annual visit of the Calgary Citadel Songster Brigade to Hillhurst, Calgary (Adjutants M. Young and H. Hillier) stimulated interest and resulted in spiritual uplift. Song-

Deep spiritual blessings were enjoyed by comrades at Mount Pleasant, Vancouver, B.C. (Major and Mrs. W. O'Donnell). One Sunday was observed as Family Day, and was marked by well-attended meetings. Three persons knelt at the Mercy-Seat in the Salvation meeting.

The Divisional Commander, Brigadier M. Junker, conducted the annual Corps Cadet Rally at which Corps Cadets from many Corps in the city were present.

Helpful week-end meetings were led by the Divisional Commander, Brigadier Junker, and Mrs. Junker. Present were Life-Saving Scouts, Guards, Sunbeam-Brownies and Chum-Cubs.

Wednesday was an eventful day in the Corps' history. In the afternoon, Mrs. Cornett, the wife of the Mayor of Vancouver, opened the annual Corps sale of work. Later, about two hundred persons enjoyed a hot supper. A program followed, chaired by Brigadier Junker. Participants in this program were Mrs. Junker, Adjutant E. Denne (R), Adjutant H. Honeychurch, and warm Army friends. The Band, under the leadership of Band Sergeant E. Geary, took part.

An interesting feature of the program was the burning of a long-standing mortgage on the Officers' Quarters. This ceremony climaxed twelve years of anticipation and hard work. [See picture on page 15].

Sword and Shield Brigade?

DAILY BIBLE PORTIONS
Sun., January 4 | Corinthians 2: 1-10
Mon., January 5 | Corinthians 2:11-16
Tues., January 6 | Corinthians 3: 1-15
Wed., January 7 | Corinthians 3:16-23
Thurs., January 8 | Corinthians 4: 1-13
Fri., January 9 | Corinthians 5:14-21
Sat., January 10 | Corinthians 5: 1-13

PRAYER SUBJECT
A Revival of Religion

DAILY BIBLE PORTIONS

Particulars regarding the Sword & Shield Brigade may be obtained from your Divisional Commander, or direct from Territorial Headquarters, 20 Albert Street, Toronto.

CAMPAIGN CONQUESTS

A well-planned month of activities, comprising the "Won by One" Campaign, was a period of enthusiasm at Hamilton VI, Ont. (Lieutenant G. Cox). Visiting speakers were Captain M. Tyndall, Lieutenant D. Routly, Captain D. Tame, Captain L. Pindred, and Envoy Rogers, whose messages contributed to the success of the endeavor.

Week-end meetings were conducted by the Corps Cadets, and activities included an early morning knee-drill, an open-air meeting, a Company meeting, and a portrayal of the Salvation message. Three persons knelt at the Mercy-Seat.

The campaign concluded with a seven-day series of meetings led by Major and Mrs. R. White (R). These gatherings were marked by large attendances. Many homes in the district were visited. The Sunday afternoon was devoted to the young people. Nine boys and girls knelt at the Mercy-Seat. A large crowd was present for the Salvation meeting. In all, twenty-five seekers were recorded during the campaign.

TIMES OF REFRESHING

Spiritual refreshment was experienced by all who attended special "Won by One" Campaign meetings at South Edmonton, Alta. (Lieutenants G. Dods and L. Scharf). The Divisional Commander, Brigadier L. Ursaki, and Mrs. Ursaki, were in charge of the first week-end.

On the Thursday night, Home League members from Alberta Avenue Corps presented a portrayal entitled "The Master." Blessing was received on the Friday night from the singing of the Edmonton Citadel Songster Brigade (Leader B. Oliver) which assisted in the meeting conducted by Major and Mrs. E. Waterston. Other city Officers taking part during the week included Major H. Nyerod, Major E. Laycock, Major Marsland, and Adjutant and Mrs. G. Crewe.

Inspiring Sunday meetings were conducted by Major and Mrs. D. Rea, Red Shield Supervisors, whose messages brought conviction. One person knelt at the Penitent-Form.

JAIL MEETINGS APPRECIATED

A successful and soul-stirring week-end was conducted at New Liskeard, Ont. (Captain de Vries, Pro-Lieutenant Rice) by the Divisional Commander, Major Raymer, and Mrs. Raymer. Increase in attendances was noted at all meetings.

Messages given by the Major and Mrs. Raymer were inspiring, and two persons knelt at the Altar. Major Raymer also conducted the jail service at Halleybury on Sunday afternoon.

Carry out that excellent New Year's Resolution

Let us have your order NOW for that

SILK CREPE UNIFORM

you will be wanting in the Spring

The Price is \$15.00

We cannot guarantee a replacement of stock, so be wise Order to-day!

TRY THE TRADE—"WE CAN SERVE YOU"

Address all communications to:

THE TRADE SECRETARY

20 Albert Street

Toronto, Ont.

FILLED THE SCHOOL-HOUSE

Biggar, Sask. (Captain F. Brady) Soldiers presented an excellent program at Eagle Crest School, where a Woman's Red Shield Auxiliary has been formed recently. Items by the String Band, duets, solos and dialogues were enjoyed by an audience which filled the school-house. An impressive tableau, "The Sinner's Refuge," brought the claims of God before the crowd.

Refreshments were served by the members of the Auxiliary at this, the first Army demonstration in this district.

Musical Blessings at Brantford

North Toronto Band Conducts Highly Inspiring Week-end Campaign

A profitable week-end visit was paid by the North Toronto Band (Major R. Watt) to Brantford, Ont. (Major and Mrs. G. Mundy), Mayor J. P. Ryan, in his opening remarks at the Saturday night festival, at which His Worship was chairman, welcomed the Band on behalf of the citizens of Brantford.

Accompanying the Band were the North Toronto Corps Officer, Captain C. Everitt; Adjutant A. Bryant and Captain A. Brown, of Territorial Headquarters.

Marches and selections, interspersed with vocal and instrumental solo and duet items were executed with brilliance. Captain Everitt's pianoforte contributions were especially enjoyed.

The visiting Band, taking the place of the absent Brantford Band, which was cheering patients of the Sanatorium, broadcast early Sunday morning from the Citadel. Major Mundy introduced the visitors to the unseen audience. Following this, a rousing open-air meeting was led by Adjutant A. Bryant. Captain A. Brown delivered the inspiring message in the Holiness meeting. The Band's Male Voice Party sang effectively.

Many were unable to secure seats in the afternoon praise meeting. Prominent citizens occupied places on the platform, among them being several members of the newly-formed Advisory Board. Captain Brown presided.

The Brantford Young People's Band (Leader D. Brown), that sponsored the visit of the Toronto Band, contributed a march. The afternoon meeting was concluded with "Spirit of Victory" march played by the visiting Band, for which Major Watt surrendered the baton to Bandmaster J. A. Bailey, the week-end host.

Two rousing open-air meetings and a march preceded the Salvation meeting, in which Captain Everitt led some enthusiastic singing. Testimonies from North Toronto Bandmen, singing by the Male Voice Party, and a selection by the Brantford Songster Brigade, led to Captain Everitt's message. Captain Brown led an impressive prayer meeting.

Following the Salvation meeting, musical items were contributed by the visitors.

YOUTHFUL SEEKERS

Meetings held on Corps Cadet Sunday at Fredericton, N.B. Adjutant and Mrs. J. Monki were conducted by the Corps Cadet Brigade. In the Holiness meeting, messages were given by Corps Cadets J. Savage and R. Stuart.

Corps Cadet P. Howland gave the message in the Salvation meeting. The Brigade sang effectively.

The Company meeting lesson was portrayed by the Corps Cadets. At the close thirty-two children knelt at the Mercy-Seat. An encouraging increase in attendance has been recorded at both Directory Class and Company meeting. A Band of Love has been organized for the younger children.

DRINK SLAVE SAVED

At Weston, Winnipeg (Lieutenant McIntyre, Pro-Lieutenant Baker) a ten-day campaign in which the blessing of God was realized has been concluded. Through the "Won by One" spirit a man was led to Christ.

While visiting the home of one of the juniors of the Corps Major Leadbetter was able to lead the father, who was addicted to drink, into the light of Salvation. He has since attended the campaign meetings and continues to claim victory over Satan and sin.

HELPFUL VISITORS

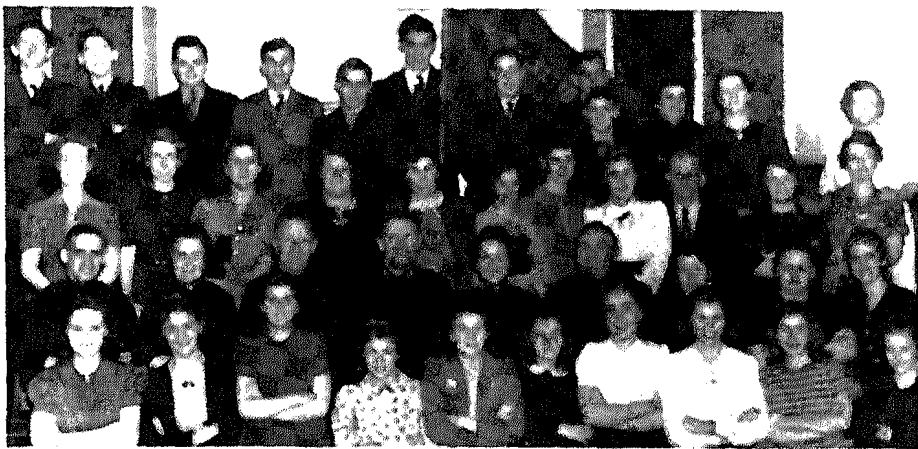
A special prayer meeting was conducted at Elmwood, Winnipeg (Lieutenant G. Neill, Pro-Lieutenant F. Hill), by the Officers and comrades of the Corps. Meetings held during the "Won by One" Campaign were conducted by Adjutant J. Munroe, Brigadier J. Barclay, Brigadier and Mrs. H. Hakkirk, Major G. Fugelsang, Mrs. Adjutant G. Wagner, Adjutant M. Walker, Captain G. Oystrik, Lieutenant T. Smith, and the Corps Officers. God's presence was felt throughout these meetings. A sister comrade renewed her consecration.

MUSICAL BLESSINGS

The Belleville Band, accompanied by the Corps Officer, Adjutant J. Smith, visited Picton, Ont. (Captain C. Bonar) where a musical program was given. Sergeant - Major Hart was the chairman.

Presided over by Judge E. McLean, another stimulating program was given by the Kingston Songster Brigade. These events which created considerable interest took place during the week of anniversary observances.

Our Camera Corner



THEY SCORED A NOTABLE VICTORY.—Christmas War Cry Heralds of the Lisgar Street Corps, are seen with the Corps Officers, Adjutant and Mrs. C. Sim, Corps Sergeant-Major C. Dray and Treasurer F. Nimmo. These enthusiastic distributors of the special issue of the "White-winged Messenger" represent a host of devoted workers throughout the Territory



WHEN ANTICIPATION BECAME REALIZATION.—The Divisional Commander for Southern British Columbia, Brigadier M. Junker, and Major Wm. O'Donnell, the Corps Officer at Mount Pleasant, Vancouver, are seen in happy mood as flames consume the mortgage on the Quarters, now cancelled after several years of careful planning and hard work

EIGHT WEEKS OF VICTORY

Seekers have knelt at the Mercy-Seat at London I, Ont. (Major and Mrs. A. Calvert) in each Sunday Salvation meeting conducted during the past eight weeks. Colonel R. Adby (R) and the Training Principal, Lieut.-Colonel R. Hoggard, conducted Friday night meetings that resulted in conviction and helpfulness.

TIMES OF REFRESHING

Times of spiritual refreshment are being experienced at Leamington, Ont. (Adjutant and Mrs. J. Cooper). Eight comrades knelt at the Penitent-Form on Sunday, six for reconsecration and two for Salvation.

Honored In His Homeland

Impressive Memorial Services for the Late Lieut.-Colonel Tilley in Newfoundland

SUCCESSFUL SERIES

A successful series of meetings was conducted at Drumheller, Alta. (Captain and Mrs. F. Waller). Among those who took part were various local ministers, including a returned missionary from China, and a group of students from the Prairie Bible Institute. Adjutant E. Fitch, of Calgary Citadel, and Adjutant and Mrs. C. Watt, of the Currie Barracks Red Shield Centre, were in charge of the meetings.

A devotional spirit was manifested in all these gatherings. Comrades rejoiced over the conversion of a young woman who had had little opportunity of attending Gospel meetings. Several junior seekers knelt at the Mercy-Seat.

Mrs. Adjutant C. Watt conducted a helpful meeting with the women of the Corps.

BACKSLIDERS RETURN

Visitors to Perth, Ont. (Captain A. Jackson, Lieutenant G. Agar) were Captain N. McBride and Lieutenant L. Goldsmith, of Carleton Place, whose messages in both song and word proved helpful. The Spirit of God was felt by all.

In a Salvation meeting, a short time ago, comrades of the Corps rejoiced when three persons knelt at the Penitent-Form, two of them being backsliders for many years.

comrades spoke of the God-glorifying influence of the promoted warrior. Two sons and a number of grandchildren are Soldiers at Dildo.

BROTHER H. LANGWORTHY
A warrior during early-day Army persecution, a sterling character and lover of souls, Brother Harry Langworthy has been promoted to Glory from Penzance, Cornwall, Eng.

Coming to Canada many years ago the family gave service at Simcoe, Ont., and later Lippincott and Toronto I. Mrs. Langworthy's ill health necessitated their return to the Old Country, where she passed away. Sister Mrs. Frank Easton, Toronto Temple Corps, is a daughter.

The late Lieut.-Colonel Tilley was born in Newfoundland, and spent all but eight of his thirty-six years of Salvation Army service in the Colony.

It was to be expected then that many interested friends would attend the three impressive memorial services held in St. John's to honor the memory of this beloved Officer.

The service at St. John's Citadel was conducted by Brigadier and Mrs. J. Acton. The meeting was opened by Mrs. Acton, after which Adjutant B. Evans thanked God for the Colonel's life, and prayed that comfort might be given to the bereaved. Corps Sergeant-Major Cooper spoke words of eulogy, stating that Newfoundland was proud of one of its active sons who had started as a Salvation Army Soldier and risen to the rank of Lieut.-Colonel to return and take command of the great work on the island. After the Songsters sang one of the Colonel's favorite songs, Brigadier E. Fagner, Superintendent of Grace Hospital, referred to her associations with the Colonel throughout the years, and especially since his break-down in health. She emphasized Soldierly qualities.

The congregation stood in silent tribute while the Band played "Promoted to Glory." Previous to the Bible lesson Brigadier Acton also paid tribute to the Colonel's work throughout the island. Five people raised their hands for prayer in this meeting.

At St. John's II Corps, Major and Mrs. Brown led the meeting. Mrs. Major Brown read the Scripture and the Band, under the leadership of Bandmaster Saunders, played "Promoted to Glory."

Major Cornick spoke feelingly of his long years of association with the promoted leader, both on Divisional Headquarters and on the Field.

Major Brown, who had known the Colonel and worked with him for the greater part of his life, paid sincere tribute to his work and influence.

At St. John's III Corps, Adjutant Stevens conducted the meeting and much of God's presence was felt as comrades re-dedicated their lives to serve Him.

MERCY-SEAT TRIUMPHS

Soul-saving and inspiring meetings were held at Midland, Ont. (Major A. McEachern) when the Divisional Commander, Major R. Raymer, and Mrs. Raymer, were visitors on Corps Cadet Sunday. The Directory Class and the Company meeting were also visited by the Divisional leaders. During a well-fought prayer meeting at night, two young women knelt at the Mercy-Seat.

Forever With The Lord

Salvation Warriors Lay Down Their Earthly Arms

CORPS SERGEANT-MAJOR BUTLER

Corner Brook, Nfld.
The Corps Sergeant-Major at Corner Brook, Nfld., Brother George Butler, has been promoted to Glory. Sergeant-Major Butler was a very zealous worker in the Corps, and lived in his religion in his everyday life. His influence was widespread in the district.



The promoted comrade served in His Majesty's forces during the last war and was president of the local branch of the Great War Veterans' Association. He was the selected member of the said association as their representative at the coronation of King George VI.

Sergeant-Major Butler gave himself unreservedly for others, and his work in the Corps will be greatly missed.

The funeral and memorial services were conducted by Major and Mrs. S. Rideout, assisted by the Officers of Corner Brook district. Eighteen seekers were registered.

BROTHER ELIAS CROCKER

Corner Brook, Nfld.
Brother Elias Crocker has been promoted to Glory from Corner Brook, Nfld. He was a great sufferer for a few years before his passing, but was an exemplary Christian who was always found ready and waiting his Father's call. The end came peacefully.

Brother Crocker for many years served as an Envoy, and did full-time service on the Field, taking command of several Corps until his health caused him to resign. He proved himself a loyal and happy Soldier.

The funeral and memorial services were conducted by Major and Mrs. S. Rideout.

SISTER MRS. J. DIAMOND

New Glasgow, N.S.
After a long illness, Sister Mrs. John Diamond, of New Glasgow, N.S., was promoted to Glory. This comrade, although unable to attend meetings, was a loyal and devoted Salvationist, and manifested a keen interest in Army activities.

The funeral services were conducted by Major O. Hiscott, assisted by the Rev. Mr. MacLennan.

an. Both this and the memorial service were largely attended.

Y.P. SERGEANT-MAJOR MRS. E. PARSONS

Wellington, Nfld.
A life of victory was brought to a triumphant close with the promotion to Glory of Young People's Sergeant-Major Mrs. Enos Parsons, of Wellington, Nfld. The simple faith of the departed comrade was an inspiration to all who knew her.

In the Decision Sunday following the passing of the Sergeant-Major, eighteen young people whom she loved and with whom she worked, surrendered their lives to her Saviour.

The funeral service was conducted by Adjutant E. Patey, the Corps Officer, assisted by Adjutant G. Wheeler.

BROTHER JACOB COOPER

Dildo, Nfld.
A faithful comrade and Soldier of many years standing at Dildo, Nfld., Brother Jacob Cooper, was promoted to Glory at the age of eighty-seven. In the memorial service,

LET the New Year Resound with Songs of Faith and Hope

Try This New Chorus—It Goes With a Swing



BRANTFORD, Ont.—CKPC (1380 kilos.) Every Sunday from 9.30 a.m. to 10 a.m. (E.S.T.), a broadcast by the Citadel Band.
CALGARY, Alta.—CJCL (700 kilos.) Every Monday morning from 8 o'clock to 8.15 (M.D.S.T.), a devotional broadcast by the Hillhurst Corps.
EDMONTON, Alta.—CJCA. Every Sunday morning from 10 to 10.30 (M.S.T.), a broadcast by the Edmonton Citadel Corps.
GRAND PRAIRIE, Alta.—CFGP (1310 kilos.) "Morning Meditations," each Thursday from 9.30 a.m. to 10.00 a.m. (M.S.T.), a devotional period of music and song led by the Corps Officers.
HALIFAX, N.S.—CHNS (939 kilos.) and short wave transmitter VEHX, 49.02

Be Sure to Hear the DOMINION-WIDE BROADCAST

To be conducted by

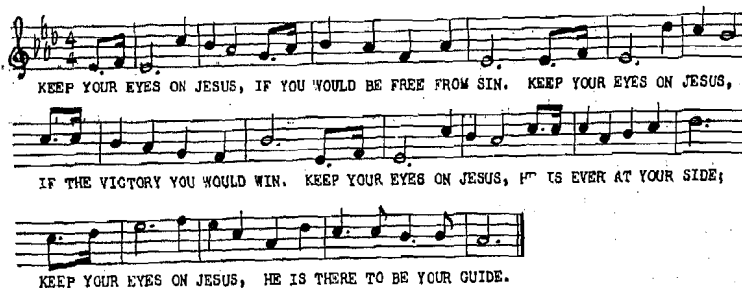
Commissioner B. Orames

SUNDAY, JANUARY 18, 1942
from 3.30 to 4 p.m. (E.D.S.T.)

Over a Canadian Broadcasting Corporation Hook-up

metre band. Each Sunday from 3.15 p.m. to 4.00 p.m. (A.S.T.), "The Sunshine Hour."
PRINCE ALBERT, Sask.—CKBI (900 kilos.) "Mid-day Musings," daily from 2.00 p.m. to 2.15 p.m. (M.D.S.T.), an inspirational broadcast of prose and poetry interspersed with organ music, conducted by Adjutant C. Smith.
TIMMINS, Ont.—CKBG. Every Saturday from 7.15 a.m. to 7.30 a.m. (E.S.T.), a devotional period.
So that this column may be accurate and up-to-date, the Editor should be advised of changes in, or discontinuances of, broadcasts.

"LOOKING UNTO JESUS"



By
Bandsman
J. Steel,
Dovercourt

HAIL, GLAD NEW YEAR

Tune: Ye Banks and Braes
We greet with joy the glad New Year,
We hail its dawn without a fear;
For Christ will guide us from above,
And fill us with His perfect love;
In fiercest war He'll give us rest,
The more we do the more we're blest.

The time draws near when we must stand,
With millions more, at God's right hand;
Our days are flying, oh, so fast,
The coming year may be our last!
Then let us seek for greater power,
And strike for victory every hour.

With Christ so near, we'll brave the foe,
Our garments shall be white as snow;
We will obtain more inward grace,

And for lost souls the Cross embrace;
We'll use each talent He has given,
To lead them to our God and Heaven.

THE STREAM OF TIME

Tune: St. Ann
O God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Our Shelter from the stormy blast,
And our defense is sure!
Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream,
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guard while life shall last,
And our perpetual Home!

PRECIOUS PROMISE

Tune: I Will Guide Thee
Precious promise God hath given
To the weary passerby,
All the way from earth to Heaven,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

"I will guide thee, I will guide thee,
I will guide thee with Mine eye;
All the way from earth to Heaven,
I will guide thee with Mine eye."

When temptations almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly,
Let this promise ring within thee,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

When thy secret hopes have perished
In the grave of years gone by,
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide Thee with Mine eye."



WITH THE RED SHIELD IN THE HOLY LAND.—A group of gallant Australian servicemen enjoy the facilities afforded by a recently-opened Red Shield Service Centre in Palestine. Gathered around the piano, they sing the songs of happier days gone by and brighter days to come

AN Invitation To YOU

A cordial welcome awaits you at the nearest Salvation Army Hall. Why not drop in some time and enjoy the bright singing and friendly atmosphere. If lonely, or discouraged, or in need of counsel, consult the Corps Officer.

"Come thou with us, and we will do thee good." (Num. 10:29)

